SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
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SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1832.

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NEW-YORK:
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THE SPRINGS.

We learn with *regret from a correspondent* at Saratoga, that the Springs in that beautiful village and the adjoining one of Ballston, are apparently deserted—that these delightful watering places have never had so few visitants during the *fashionable* season, so termed, as the present, and yet there has been no case of Cholera at either, and in Saratoga but one death of an adult in four months. The Hotels are in the most perfect order,—the air is spoken of as being peculiarly salubrious and delightful, and every accommodation that heart could wish, are attendant on the visiters. The communication between Saratoga and Albany, by means of the Railroad, is so easy and rapid as to be of great convenience to the citizens. People leaving Saratoga for Albany in the morning, can transact their business in the latter place, and return to dinner. The citizens of Albany can in like manner visit Ballston and Saratoga, spend three hours in each village, and return home to their tea. Washington Irving, we learn, is numbered among the present distinguished sojourners at Saratoga; and with a few stragglers from this city, Philadelphia and the South, almost completes the company at present ruralizing at these charming abodes of pleasure, health and recreation.

A MAN OF CAPACITY.

The Boston Transcript says, a fellow by the name of Joseph Shepherd ate on Wednesday last, in a provision store in Pinckney-street, "THREE DOZEN CUCUMBERS, weighing before they were peeled more than *twelve pounds*. The man was neither drunk nor crazy. He was alive and well, sawing wood this morning. The above is an *unexaggerated fact*, and can be proved on the testimony of five or six respectable witnesses. Shepherd returned home after eating the cucumbers, took a cup of strong tea, smoked a pipe, and then went to bed. He says he could have eaten a dozen more for his supper."

Verily, these Bostonians *do* "beat the *Dutch*," in the matter of eating cucumbers! We should *have been reputed as a cute*, had we been suspected of *seeing* half the number. Eat a cucumber! why the doctors, bless their souls, don't allow us to eat a potato *here*, if not three years old,—and as to looking a cucumber in the face! lightning and spikes!—horn-bugs and snappin' turtles! why we should as soon think of snakes and milk, or clam-chowder and chestnut burrs!!

NEW PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—The "Cholera Gazette," the "Journal of Gluttony and Gormandizer's Guide," the "Mullygrub Chronicle," the "Banner of Whortleberry Fever," the "Stone Bruiser's Review," the "Biter's Magazine," the "Quarterly Remedy for Sore Toes and the Whooping Cougher's Friend," the "Bilious Herald," the "National Fidget," the "Working Man's Manual, or Measles Made Easy," and the "Skunks' Misery Advocate" are expected shortly to make their appearance in the United States, if we may credit the Camden Journal, who says if he ever can get room, he will give interesting extracts from them all. Articles from the "Bilious Herald" would not meet with a good run just at this time, the market being quite overstocked;—suppose you give us a list of *marriages*, Mr. Daniels, from the "Skunks' Misery Advocate?" An essay on *premonitory symptoms* from the "National Fidget," would undoubtedly *take*.

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY.—It is not improbable that our citizens may shortly be coiffed with Lectures on this little known but highly interesting science, from the fact that M. GASPARD SPURZHEIM, was one of the passengers of the Rhone, which arrived on Saturday, the 4th inst. from Havre. The Standard remarks of Dr. S. that "his name and reputation has been long familiar to our countrymen, and we doubt not that the great phrenologist will be received with distinguished attention. Gall was the founder of the science of phrenology, but it was his pupil Spurzheim who improved it, who converted the rude misshapen mass into the graceful and symmetrical edifice, and whose eloquence promulgated and established its doctrines. We presume that it is his intention to give lectures on phrenology in this country, and doubt not that they will be numerously attended."

WASHINGTON IRVING, our distinguished countryman, has been luxuriating lately in the balmy mountain breezes of the White Hills in New-England. In passing through Hanover, N. H. on his return to his native State, the students of Dartmouth College, with their characteristic politeness and respect for one who has done so much to elevate the character of American Literature, offered him a levee, and such other courtesies as his limited time would allow, and which could not have been otherwise than gratifying to him who called them forth. Mr. I. in his answer, reluctantly declining their proffered hospitalities, expressed his intention of again visiting that section of the country, when he should feel gratified in waiting upon the Faculty of the College, and of paying his respects generally to the Institution.

The Philadelphia Chronicle says: Two or three days ago a man went through our principal market place, eating a *Cucumber*, skin and all. Men, women, and children shouted at him, as if he had been a lunatic escaped from Bedlam—and at last he ran, as if in actual bodily fear.

SPORTING DOWN EAST.—We have cut out and placed on file some half dozen times, the subjoined quotation from the Lynn Messenger, though from either the *modesty* of our compositors, or some cause to us unknown, we have never yet succeeded in placing it before our readers. It is a veritable and valuable *document*, inasmuch as it exhibits "the ruling passion" of the lads and lasses down East. The Editor, whom we rather suspect is a queer 'un, says, "at one of the District schools, where both male and female scholars attend, while the teacher was temporarily absent, the boys deliberately commenced *kissing* all the girls present. [No doubt to their great satisfaction.] They became so elated with the experiment, that the teacher, on his return, found it necessary to administer the *oil of birch* to every pupil in the school, which he did with the most *striking* efficacy to their heart's content."

The heartless *culd Tyler*, who could spoil such sport, in *such* a manner, deserves to be eternally deprived of "Heaven's last best gift to man, and we doubt not, will by them be sufficed to"

"Go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonor'd"—IF UNBUNG.

SMUGGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

The Boston folks used to send the market litter, the beet and onion tops, the pea-pods, and the like, out to Roxbury, where it was converted into manure. The Roxbury folks recently took it into their heads that the Cholera might come enveloped in, or be produced by the said litter, and they issued a decree directing its exclusion, and requiring the Boston folks to find some other deposit for it than the plains of Roxbury. The Boston folks however are more than a match for towns people in general, and they promulgated speedily an Order in Council that no vegetables should be exposed for sale in their markets unless they "were first divested of their useless parts"—the peas of their shells, the turnips of their tops, &c. The Roxbury folks therefore, whom we may suppose to be gardeners, as Adam was, and to be the chief purveyors for the markets of the capital of the Bay state, find themselves overmastered. Without this prefatory chapter from the history of the times, (which we find in our contemporary of the Standard) the following might not be clearly understood.

From the Boston Courier.

RIGHT OF SEARCH.

Extract from the log book of a market cart.

Left Cambridge at 3, A. M.—weather very thick and raining—at 4 13m. made Craigie's bridge. Hearing the city cutters meant to search, bade my man Eli stow away the beets and carrots under the false deck. Says Eli, 'Alderman Squab's a going to gie me nine pence extry for a peck of marrifats this day;' he say's its all tarnal nonsense to have em shelled by a pack o' woman that has just been a clouting babies, for all he knows, so I's tied my trowsers at the bottom, and got him a good peck inside my breeches.' 'Well, Eli,' said I, 'that's your private venture; nobody knows what they'll find next; if they should *direct one of your useless parts*, you'd cut a queer flash.' 'There they are,' says Eli, 'by jings.' So I looks over the starboard bow, and sure enough, there was a low, long, polerish craft, edging up. Saw two of my neighbor's carts following in my wake, made the private signal No. 11, an *onion* on a pole, *union* down: the two carts hauled their wind, and stood through the short channel for the State's Prison. City cutter within pistol shot. Told Eli to do the talking. 'Hollo that ere cart,' says the cutter. 'Hollo it is,' says Eli; 'but it an't an *air* cart nor a water cart, by a darn'd sight.' 'Bring to,' says he. 'We have brought two, master and me,' says Eli, holding on to his breeches, and running his tongue into his cheek with such a roll of the eyes, as made me almost fall off my seat. The hailing officer began to make crooked faces, so I thought as how I would bring to; hauled up the fore pony, and lay to under an old umbrella. 'Now, what's the word,' says Eli, 'are ye going rob us on the high way?' 'What have you got in that cart?' says he. 'What do you please to have?' says Eli, 'here's long sauce and round sauce.' 'I have got the Mayor's orders to search that cart,' says he. 'The mate's orders,' says Eli, 'she carries a high dock now-a-days, don't she?' 'You, sir,' says he, 'you better take care of your P's and Q's, or I'll fetch you before an Alderman.' 'That's jest what I wants,' says Eli. 'I guess he'll help take care of the peas himself.' 'Come, come, Eli,' says I, 'let's be civil.' 'Master,' says I, 'my lawyer says as how I have a right to ride my vegetables all over town, all day and all night, with their tops and pods on.' Up jumps Eli. 'Says he,' Mister, I knows, for sartin, you be a great lawyer, because you says you be one of the city authorities. I wants to know if them Roxbury folks will repeal their Burling and Mylang decrees, will the Mare give up the Orders in Council, and this here right o' sarch?' 'I *guess* you'll smart for this, you saucy bumpkin,' says he of the city. 'Saucy pumpkin!' says Eli. 'I *guess* I dos'nt see the wit o' that, but I *guess* I could fetch your right skylight with this here turnip.' 'Come, Eli,' says I, 'I *guess* we better be going.' 'Just then the shill horse, bitten by the flies, kicked the dan on the shin bone. 'Dickens,' says Eli. 'I *guess* the old mare kicked ye, didn't she?' 'I *guess* she did,' said he, and sat down on a log. 'I *guess* we'll go,' said I. 'I *guess* we will,' says Eli. The crowd all said they *guessed* we better.

So we shot ahead, leaving the *exercise* man beginning to *direct* his leg of the *useless parts*, preparatory to the dressing of his wound.

HOUSE RADNUT.

ANOTHER WITNESS.—*** Apropos of the chloride of lime. We poured a pound of it diluted in water about our premises—or the premises we *occupy*—a fortnight since. These premises had before been much infested by rats. It was not unusual to see one nearly the size of an ordinary woodchuck strutting about with as much self-complacency as did Robinson Crusoe when "monarch of all he surveyed." But since the application of the chloride, they have made themselves scarce. They have gone off without even bidding us "good bye," or thanking us for our nine pennyworth of chloride. Cats and rat-traps go with them.—*Lowell Journal*.

On the above paragraph the Newport Spectator remarks, "We have tried the above remedy, but the rats do not take off the notice of it that they would of so much *Indian meal* strewed about the floor."

EXTRAORDINARY.—The following is an extract from a speech delivered by a member of the Indiana Legislature [illegible] encourage the killing of wolves, which in sublimity has seldom been surpassed:—

Mr. Speaker,—The wolf is the most ferocious animal that prowls in our western prairies or runs at large in the forests of Indiana. He creeps from his lurking place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the silent embrace of Morpheus; and ere the portals of the east are unbarred, or bright Phœbus rises in all his golden majesty, whole litters of pigs are destroyed."

DANIEL BOON.

The Illinois Magazine publishes the following letter, from a venerable citizen of Kentucky, relative to the hardy and adventurous hunteman who is so justly and universally regarded as the patriarch of that state. Its simplicity and straightforwardness are alike characteristic of the writer and the subject; and the brief narrative which it gives of the life and adventures of the fearless and single-hearted father of the great West cannot fail to interest the general reader.

"I received your letter a few days since, requesting me to state what I knew of Col. DANIEL BOON. When a boy I knew him.—He lived within a mile and a half of my father's, in Culpepper county, Virginia, for two years, and I frequently set up targets for them to shoot at. From thence he moved to North Carolina; and I saw no more of him, until I met him in Kentucky, in 1781.

We were frequently together afterwards, and several times in the woods, surveying, in company; and a more agreeable, friendly companion I have never seen. In stature, I think he was about five feet ten inches high, and well proportioned. His appearance was fine, his manners easy, his mind strong and philosophic, his disposition mild and placid, and his character unimpeachable. A more friendly and hospitable man never lived.

I will now inform you of what he told me relative to his first discovery of Kentucky.—He said that himself, his brother Squire, and a servant boy, came from North Carolina, to take a fall hunt in Powell's valley, having hunted there the year before. He was hunting along the side of the Cumberland mountain, and discovered a gap or low place in the mountain, which he ascended to the top, and thence he imagined he could see to the Ohio river. He thought, in his own mind, that it was the most beautiful country in the world. He returned to the camp, and informed his brother what he had seen; telling him that they must up and go across the mountain.—They did so, and travelled on to Scaggs's creek, where the deer were so plenty that they soon loaded their seven horses with shaved skins, and he started his brother and the servant boy back with them to North Carolina. He told his brother to bring back to him as many horses as he could get, and he would have their loads ready against his return. He staid and hunted there, and never saw the face of man for eight months to a day.—He declared that he never enjoyed himself better in his life; he had three dogs that kept his camp while he was hunting; and at night he would often lie by his fire and sing every song he could think of, while the dogs would sit round him, and give as much attention as if they understood every word he was saying.

At the end of eight months, his brother and servant boy came to him, with fourteen horses. His brother informed him that when he got into North Carolina with his peltry, the Indians had fallen upon the frontiers, and that he had to go, with others, against them. Boon had the packs nearly all ready, and in a day or two they loaded the horses, and started for home. They travelled the first day, and until about 10 o'clock the next day, when he saw four Indians, with as many horses, loaded with beaver fur. They were crossing each other; and seeing plainly that they must meet, he cautioned his brother and the servant boy not to let the Indians have their guns out of their hands; for they would be sure to make an attempt to get them, under the pretence of wanting to examine them. The Indians endeavored to get their guns, but they would not let them get possession of them. The Indians then went round Boon's horses, and drove them off with their own. Boon said he looked hard after them a while, and then (not thinking it prudent to attack four men on their guard with but one man and a boy to back him) he put off for home. They went on that day, and till nine or ten o'clock of the next: he then observed to his brother and the boy that if they would stick to him, he would turn about and follow the Indians even to their towns but he would have his skins and horses back. They agreed to it, and immediately pursued hard after them, and came in sight of them the fourth day. "Now," said Boon, "we must trail them on, until they stop to eat."

The Indians at length halted, hoppled their horses, cooked and ate: Boon and his companions watching them all the while.—He well knew that having eaten they would all lie down to sleep except one. They did so; and the one who was on guard set on a log at the head of the others, and Boon and his boys had to creep on all fours for a hundred yards, to get near enough to shoot.—Boon then told his brother that he would take for his own mark the one on the log—that he (the brother) must aim at the one on the right, and the boy at the one on the left; and that when he gave the signal they must fire, and keep loading and shooting, making as much noise and using as many different tones as they could. They fired, and *he hitted his man over the log*, but the others bore him off. The Indians fled, and they followed for three quarters of a mile, shooting and yelling; then came back, gathered their own horses and those of the Indians, put on their packs and the packs of beaver fur, and drove them safe to his own house, in North Carolina.—The above is just as he told it to me himself."

AMERICAN MODESTY.—Among the other specimens of modesty [illegible] America, not so unknown to us, I frequently witnessed one, which while it evinced the delicacy of the ladies, gave opportunity for many lively sallies from gentlemen. I saw the same sort of thing repeated on different occasions at least a dozen times. For example—a young lady is employed in making a shirt (which it would be a symptom of absolute depravity to name,) a gentleman enters, and presently begins the sprightly dialogue with, 'what are you making Miss Clarissa?'—'Only a frock for my sister's doll, sir.'—'A frock! not possible.—Don't I see that it is not a frock 'come Miss Clarissa, what is it?'—'It is just an apron for one of our negroes, Mr. Smith.' 'How can you, Miss Clarissa? why, are not the two sides joined together! I expect you had better tell me what it is.' 'My! why then, Mr. Smith, it is just a pillow-case.' Now that passes, Miss Clarissa, 'tis a pillowcase for a giant then. Shall I guess, Miss?' 'Quit, Mr. Smith, just behave yourself, or I'll certainly be affronted.' Before the conversation arrives at this point, both gentleman and lady are in convulsions of laughter. Ionce saw a young lady so driven by a wit, that to prove she was making a bag, and nothing but a bag, she sewed up the ends before his eyes, showing it triumphantly, and exclaiming, 'There now! what can you say to that.'—*Mrs. Trollope's Manners of the Americans.*

"DISCOURAGING.—"We shan't have cucumbers enough this year," says the Gardener's Standard, "to give a decent man the choice."

From the London Athenæum.

PLUTO AND PROSERPINE.

A POLICE REPORT.

I met an adventure in Naples last year,
Whose final event paid my trouble and fear,
My life amid robbers was perilled—
They confined me all night in a cell under ground,
Where, groping about in the darkness, I found
An old Syracuse Morning Herald.

I wish I could show you this precious antique,
'Tis like Codex Bezoe in uncial Greek;
When legible, thus it commences:
"Ortygian Police,—on the bench Justice Love,
The Fruction's amours,—a poor tailor in love,—
Or dear little Pluto's offences."

"This morning the court was filled with a crowd
Of people from Etna, that roll'd on a cloud
Of its picturesque views of Mount Etna,
All anxious the cause of abduction to hear,
'Gainst a tailor named Pluto, whose daring career
Was cut short while returning from Gretna.

"When the prisoner was brought to the bar we observed
He looked downcast and pale, and in fact quite unnerv'd
At the thought of his strange situation—
And the justice declared that a sight of his face
Was fully sufficient to settle the case,
Almost without examination.

"The complainant was Ceres, a sturdy old dame,
Whose corns, we suppose, made her walk rather lame,
For the lady, we hear, is a farmer—
With her, came her daughter the fair Proserpine,
Of features so lovely, and figure so fine,
That old Jove shouted out 'what a charmer!'

"She deposed that the prisoner, a tailor by trade,
To her daughter proposals of marriage had made,
And had sent her a pair of young rabbits—
But such a poor botch was by Plutocrispus sparn'd
His love was rejected, his presents return'd
On account of his very bad habits.

"She swore that the prisoner came next to herself,
With his ledger, to show the amount of his pelf,
By estimates worthy of Babbage—
But she found he had managed his fortunes to sweil,
By adding his powerful interests in hell,
And his numerous dealings in cabbage.

"The refusal enraged him, and loudly he swore
That he'd have revenge ere a month would be o'er
While all laugh'd at his furious grimaces—
But soon witness found him a man to befear'd
For her daughter some mornings ago disappear'd
And left of her journey no traces.

"Jove ask'd, 'how the witness contrives to discover,
That the girl had not wash'd to elope with her lover.
O'er the Styx lies perhaps a prevailer?'
She turn'd to the prisoner and pointing t scorn,
Exclaimed—'Oh! could any that ever were born,
Believe such a tale of a tailor?'

"The next witness was Cyane, who, being sworn,
Depos'd, while ascending to Etna one morn,
To light her pipe at the volcano,
She met with the prisoner and saw him approach
The lady, and ask her to enter his coach,
And she had heard Proserpine say 'No.'

"The postilion was call'd by the prisoner to prove
That the lady had gladly accepted his love,
And at dinner had asked for a sallad,
Jove said that this evidence alter'd the case'—
But the paper is torn in this critical place—
And so there's a hole in the ballad.

A RARE OLD IRISH SQUIRE.—Of all the beings that ever lived, Mr. Flaherty was the most forgetful. If ever man should have emigrated to Laputa, it was he. It would take a volume to record his oblivisences; a few fragments must suffice:—He *mortally hated* reading and writing; but being, like most of his neighbors, a *little in lar*, or as they call it there expressly, "*elsewhere*," he had once a letter to write by a certain day, which could not be dispensed with. This grievous evil he put off until he was too late for the post, and sweet Lidthy, who could best manage him on such occasions, had to sit down by him until he performed the feat. As the mail passed his gate, he went down to give it to the guard, but could not make them hear him, so he mounted his mare and set off after the coach. This he caught after about sixteen Irish miles hard riding; and as soon as he saw it he commenced, "Hallo! boy! stap the mail—stap the mail—here—here, guard, my boy, here's half a crown for ye—put the letter in the twopinny post in Dublin, or divur bik me in the face again."—"My service to your honour," replied the guard, fishing the coin "but the letter is in place. The 'Ould Crock,' meaning his shabby-genteel mare, was making his pockets. "The letter! the letter!—eh! eh! eh!—Ock by jasus, I'm the mischiefest villain that God ever let live—the letter! Divil burn it, I must have left it on the chimney piece!"—*Sporting Magazine.*

ADVENTURE OF [illegible] WELLINGTON.—A few days since, a gentleman was passing through the village of Barnes, on his way to London, in an open carriage, with a pair of horses, attended by one servant, when he was stopped by some men who had been celebrating the happy event of the passage of the Reform Bill, and who with a long pole, which they held across the road in front of the horses, arrested the progress of the carriage, calling upon the gentleman inside to give a cheer for Reform; at the same time directing his attention to the Thames, which runs close by the spot, hinting that if he did not comply with their wishes they would put him—carriage, horses, footman, coachman, and all—into the river. The gentleman, seeing the necessity of the case, and thinking it preferable to go with the stream rather than be plunged into one, after appealing in vain to his clamorous assailants to be allowed to proceed, stood up in the carriage and shouted "Reform for ever!" This was followed by loud cheers from the men, who then removed the obstruction, and the gentleman continued his journey. They then stopped two horsemen, who were following close to the carriage, and called upon them to imitate the example of the gentleman. They replied that they could have no objection to do as the Duke of Wellington had done. They then cried "Reform for ever!" and the men, in their joy, roared out "Reform and the Duke of Wellington for ever!"

SANG FROID.—Our readers probably recollect the anecdote of Junot, who, when a sergeant at the siege of Toulon, was called to act as secretary to Bonaparte, then commander of the artillery. While writing on a drum-head, a cannon ball struck the ground near him and scattered the dust and gravel over the page on which he was writing.—Without evincing any surprise, or raising his eyes from the paper, he coolly observed,—"How fortunate! I wanted some sand for my paper, and here it is!" He then turned over the leaf and resumed his occupation!

An instance of coolness in the hour of danger, exhibited by one of our countrymen, has been lately related to us by an eye-witness, and which we think still more remarkable.—In the midst of the sanguinary skirmish at Chateauguay, L. C. during the last war with Great Britain, Mr. C. L——, a surgeon's mate of the —th regiment, attached to the corps, thought he would regale himself with a drop of choice stuff from his canteen, with which he was usually well provided. Forgetting the good old proverb, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," he anticipated a delicious draught; but just as he had raised the vessel to a level with his mouth, it was perforated by a musket ball, and the contents began rapidly to disappear. He cast an indignant glance towards the enemy—"O ye scoundrels!" muttered he, "this is too bad!—But I am not to be cheated out of my grog in this way!" So saying, he hastily applied the shattered canteen to his lips, and caught a hearty draught of the nectarean fluid, as it rushed like a torrent through the bullet-hole!

From the American Sporting Magazine.

JOHNNY TROUT BEAT AT LAST.

Boston, July 12, 1832.

MR. EDITOR:—I would remark, for the benefit of your readers who are not acquainted with the gentleman above referred to, that John Dennison, alias Johnny Trout, as he is familiarly called by the sportsmen, has been a trout-fisher for twenty odd years, and has probably killed more trout than any other person in the United States. He has been, and still is, employed by the frequenters of the trout streams from Boston and all parts of the country, to shew them the sly places where the fish congregate, and also to catch them a mess when all their exertions have failed; and now that he has grown old in their service, a gentleman from Boston (to his praise be it said) has built him a snug house, where he is happy to furnish the waders of the brook with rods and lines for a moderate compensation, provided they do not take his "kill-all," a favorite fishing-tackle, which no one uses but himself. —

But now to business: suffice it to state that the unusual backwardness of the season, and the very cold weather in the months of May and June, has had a tendency to diminish the number of sportsmen, and, on the whole, the trout-fishing has been rather unsuccessful.—But notwithstanding all that, on the 24th ult. I had the exquisite and unprecedented pleasure (a pleasure which none but sportsmen can appreciate) of dining on a salmon trout, the largest and finest that has ever been taken at Sandwich. The said fish was killed by Mr. James Boifisk of Sandwich, a scientific and expert angler of the first water: it measured eighteen inches in length, and weighed, when taken, four and a quarter lbs. Mr. B. and two other gentlemen in company also took on the same day upwards of fifty pounds of trout, the average weight of which was two and a half pounds. If Mr. B. had not been a sportsman of the "old school," who are universally distinguished for their manly independence and generosity, I should never have seen it. Taking the experience of others as a criterion, the average weight of fish usually taken is two and a half lbs. Mr. J. F——, who has visited Sandwich for the last twenty-five years, informed me that he never saw a fish which weighed more than three and a half pounds: the late Mr. Swift, who kept the hotel in Sandwich, the land agents of sportsmen, with all the argument and reasoning that he could bring forward, could never make more than one-third of his bearers believe that he ever had a trout in his scales which would turn down a four pound weight, and lastly, to cap the climax, Johnny Trout never caught, during the whole of his *professional* career, a fish weighing more than three [illegible] pounds; and, therefore, it is thought that they are completely out-generalled by this day's sport of Mr. Boifisk. I have thus endeavored to fix Mr. B.'s reputation on a foundation where it cannot be shaken, as such a fish is taken but rarely, "like angels' visits, few and far between;" but not wishing to shower his "blushing honors" too thick and fast upon him, I would say, speaking from experience, that the skill in catching is only excelled by the pleasure of discussing them; a battery of boiled and fried trout, with a *corps de reserve* of two brown visaged, grey-headed gentlemen from Spain, and flanked with the light troops of "Jolly" and "Johannesberger," 1822, not excepting some three dozen of the real Havanas, altogether formed a repast which sometimes is not attainable even by royalty itself. If Mr. B.'s exploit stands as high in your estimation as your Magazine does in mine, by inserting the above you will confer a favor on your sincere friend,

LEATHER STOCKING.

FISHING IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

In the spring the fish usually run up into the thousand small creeks (in England they would be called rivers) which fall into the St. Lawrence; these, being often shallow, permit a man to wade across and along them: one carries a bundle of dry pine or cedar bark splinters, lighted, and used as a torch; another follows with a barbed spear, having a handle eight or ten feet long; and, by the aid of the torch-light, he is enabled to see the fish as they lie along the bottom of the stream; which fish he cautiously approaches and transfixes with his spear. When the water is too deep for him to wade, a canoe is procured; a light iron grate is placed in the bow, and filled with dry pitch pine splinters, which blaze vehemently and cast a bright and ruddy glow through the water to many yards' distance. The fish, as before, are by this means discovered lying at the bottom of the stream, and are caught in the same manner. Great dexterity is often evinced in the management of the spear; and I have often seen fish of four or five feet in length caught in this manner. In the calm evenings of summer, as the night comes gradually on, canoe after canoe, with its bright and waving light, may be seen putting silently from shore, and gliding rapidly and noiselessly along the still and glossy river: with one touch of the paddle the canoe is impelled to the spot pointed out by the gestures of the spearman, who, waiting till the fish be within his range, darts his weapon with admirable precision upon the devoted prey; it is it as quietly as possible into the canoe, and proceeds onward in search of further sport. The water of the St. Lawrence, clear beyond that of almost all the rivers I have seen, is admirably fitted for this purpose; and will allow a dexterous sportsman to seize his prey, if it be only tolerably large, even when the water is ten or twelve feet in depth.

There are few scenes in Canada more peculiar and striking than this night-fishing. Often have I stood upon the banks of the broad and beautiful St. Lawrence, and contemplated with rapture the almost fairy picture it afforded. The still and mighty expanse of water, spread out in glassy calmness before me, with its edges fringed by a dark mass of huge forests sweeping to the very brink of the river, and the deep purple shade of night closing over all, have together conspired up a scene that has held me for hours in contemplation. The spear of the *rougeau* floating over the smooth, all silent water and mellowed by distance, (even in my imagination equalled the long-lost strains of the Venetian gondolier: the glancing multitude of waving lights, belying their homely purpose to which they were applied, have seemed a nocturnal festival; and, by the aid of a little romance in my own feelings, have not seldom cheated me into half-poetical musings. The 'garish eye of day,' unluckily, invariably dispelled the hallucination, by robbing the scene of its enchanting but temporary beauty. I would, however, recommend the traveller in those distant regions to view the scene in a calm night of June; and I doubt not but that, in a short time, he will discover himself more romantic than he deemed.—*Buckette.*

PATRONAGE.—An inn on the great road from Boston to Vermont was some years since kept by a wag, who had the reputation withal of keeping a very good tavern. One morning a countryman drove his team up to the door, and feeding his cattle from the wagon, entered the house, saluting Boniface with "Good morning, Squire; I never was in your house before, but I hear you keep a main good one, and I mean to *patronize* you. Wont you draw us a mug of cider, will ye?" The traveller then produced his pack, and taking from it a quantity of bread and cheese, cold meat, &c. washed it down with mine host's cider. The repast finished, he goes to the bar:—

"'Spose you don't charge anything for cider the first time a man calls, do ye?" Boniface, who, as we have before said, was a piece of a wag, told him he did not.

"Well, then, throw in a cigar, can't ye?" Lighting his long nine, Jonathan got ready for a start, but before going—

"'Squire," said he, "you *do* keep a prime house, and I'll give ye the name on't."

"Thank you, sir."

"Yes," said Jonathan, more and more pleased with his host, "and I'll send all my acquaintance here, when they travel this road."

"No, no," said Boniface, "don't for God's sake!—*your* acquaintance would ruin a man in six months!"—*Lowell Compend.*

A pert young lady was talking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she encountered the celebrated Wilkes. "You see," observed the lady, "I am come out for a little air and exercise."—"You had better, madam, get a little husband first."

HOW TO DETECT A ROGUE.

Not far 'down east' from Boston lived a man of considerable parts,' whose business it was to teach the young idea how to shoot, and to sing psalms on a Sabbath day. He was considered an uncommonly 'cute fellow,' and possessed an excellent *system*, which was to push his pupils *forward* by a liberal application of the birch. One day (it was 'muster day') the boys applied to him for leave to have no school; but he, having the morals and well-being of his pupils in view, put in his *veto*, which caused a great excitement among the young-sters that came near resulting in open rebellion—for boys generally prefer the march of soldiers to the march of intellect. There they sat, sucking their thumbs and bitterly wailing their lot;—the troops began to muster—the drums rolled—and they heard the orderly sergeant give out the commands in a thundering voice—"fall in fellers! right dress!" It was too much to beat—so one of the little fellows, seeing the master's back turned, crept slily up to the stove and placed a lump of *assafœtida* upon it. It soon began to melt—the gas ascended, and the boys began to groan and hold their noses. "My gracious! what's that?" asked the enraged pedagogue;—"which of you's got garlic in your pockets?—Ho, ho!—you've put it on the stove ha'nt you? Dan Moneypenny! did you do that, you rascal? Did you, Promise Gill? Nick Hindman! stop your laughing, you villain! Which of you has done this? tell me, you vagabonds!"

The boys all denied knowing any thing about it; and as the stench now became too strong to bear, the master was compelled to dismiss the school, and let his vengeance rest until the morrow.

The morrow came, and the boys were separately asked if they knew any thing of the foul indignity offered to the olfactory nerves of the master.—No! all were ignorant.—"Well, now," said the master, "you all appear to be mighty innocent, but I have a way of finding out the guilty one. You all see that 'ere stove, do ye? Well, it's got no fire in it now, and is quite cold; you shall go one after another and touch it, and it will not fail to burn the guilty one. I've tried it for years, I tell you. Promise Gill, shut up all the windows and make the room dark.—Now, boys, when I say 'advance' do you go up each of you and touch the stove-pipe—the innocent need not be afeard."

He now walked lightly to the stove and besmeared the pipe with lamp-black, then returned to his seat and gave the word. The boys did as they were commanded—but not one of them said he was burnt.

"Open the windows now, Promise Gill," exclaimed the master.—"Now, boys, hold up your hands.—Ha! Nick Hindman!—you're the feller that put the stuff on the stove yesterday! You wouldn't touch it to-day, so you ha'nt got your hands black.—The rest of the boys go home—Nick, you stay here. I've got a little account to settle with you."

INDIAN ANECDOTE.—Col. Joseph Dudley, Governor of New-England some 150 years ago, was building a house on his plantation, and, as he was looking upon his workmen, he took notice of a lusty Indian, who, though the weather was severely cold, was a naked as well as an idle spectator. "Hark ye, you Indian," said the Governor, "why don't you work, as these men do, and get clothes to cover you?" "And why you no work, Governor?" replied the Indian. "I work," returned the Governor, clapping his fore finger upon his forehead, "with my head, and therefore need not work with my hands."—"Well," replied the Indian, "and if I would work, what have you for me to do?" "Go kill me a calf," said the Governor, "and I will give you a shilling." The Indian consented, and having barely killed the calf, came back and demanded the money. The Governor, confounded, asked why he did not skin and dress it. "Calf dead, Governor," said the Indian, "give me my shilling: give me another, and I will skin and dress him." This was complied with, and away went the Indian to a tavern with his two shillings.—He soon drank one in rum, and then returned to the Governor: "Your shilling bad, the man no take it." The Governor believed him, and gave him another; but on his returning in the same manner with the second, the Governor discerned that he was a rogue. However, he exchanged this shilling, instead of giving him one outright; and resolved to punish him for his knavery on the first opportunity.

To accomplish this, the Governor wrote a letter to the keeper of the prison at Boston to take the bearer and give him a sound whipping. This letter he kept in his pocket, and in a few days the Indian came again to stare at the workmen; the Governor took no notice of him for some time, but at last, pulling the letter out of his pocket, he said—"If you will carry this to Boston, I will give you half a crown." The Indian closed with his proposal, and set out upon his journey. He had not gone far before he met another Indian, in the service of the Governor, to whom he gave the letter, and told him that his master had sent him to meet him, and to bid him to return with that letter to Boston as soon as he possibly could.

The poor Indian carried it with great diligence, and received a sound whipping for his pains; at the news of which the Governor was not a little astonished on his return. The other Indian came no more; but, at the distance of some months, at a meeting with some of his nation, the governor saw this fellow there amongst the rest, and asked him how he durst serve him such a trick. The Indian, looking him full in the face, and clapping his fore finger upon his forehead, answered,—"Head work! Governor: head work!"

THE SEX'S SECRET.—Bayle was asked if women could keep a secret. "There is one secret," said he, "and that is the only one they can keep—their age."

From Blackwood's Magazine, for June.

THE ROSE OF FORTUNE.

"We have still a home, my Emily, though it is a poor one," said Ernest Darnley to his beautiful young wife, the first day that they took possession of their lodgings in a humble alley in London. "I little thought when we used to wander in the old woods at Balston, that I should take you to such a miserable abode as this."

"I am happier here, dear Ernest, than in the woods of Balston."

"Now, by heavens, it makes me angry to see you happy! I believe you would continue to smile and be contented if we were in a jail."

"If we were in jail together, Ernest."

"Ah! bless you, my own dearest. Fortune cannot continue to frown upon so much goodness."

"The Christian calls Fortune by a different name. He calls it Providence."

"Well, providence, fortune, fate, chance, or whatever other name it rejoices in, cannot surely persecute us for ever. We are guilty of no fault."

"We married against your uncle's will. He spurned us from the moment we were united He must have some reason surely for his detestation of me."

"What reason can any one have to detest you, except——and he not told me over and over again that he did not care for wealth in the object of my choice? You were young, beautiful, accomplished, my equal in birth—it can't be—it can't be! I tell you it must be something that *I* have done which makes him so enraged."

"And what have *you* done, Ernest, that can make him your enemy? You bore with all his humors and caprices; you were affectionate to him as a son; he loved you better than any thing else upon earth. How kind he was to you in your youth, and how well you deserved his kindness! You, no, it is me he persecutes—me he hates."

"Then may the God of——"

"Hush! hush! dear Ernest. He may yet relent."

"Relent! Ha, ha! Sir Edward Danrley relent! I tell you he makes it one of his boasts, that he never forgave, and never will forgive, even an imaginary offence. Relent! I tell you, he is of that stubborn, obstinate nature, the feeling of repentance is unknown to him."

"Try him, dear Ernest; he cannot be so immovable. Ask him in what we have offended him, and tell him we are anxious to atone for that offence."

"Have I *not* written to him? Have I not begged an interview, in terms which I never thought I should have meanness enough to address mortal man? Have I not besought him at least to inform me what I have done to draw down his indignation, and has he ever deigned to send an answer? I have left our address here with his secondrelly attorney, in case he should condescend to favor me with a reply."

At this moment, a knock was heard at the door, and in answer to the "come in" of Mr. Darnley, a lawyer's clerk presented himself, and with no very respectful demeanor, held out a letter.

"A letter? From whom?"

"From Mr. Clutchem. Does it wait an answer?"

Ernest hurriedly glanced it over.

"No. There—there," he said, as soon as they were again alone. "Relent, indeed! read it."

Emily took the letter and read.

"Sir, I am desired by Sir Edward Darnley, Bart., to inform you, that no begging letters will be received; and further, I am desired to inform you, that Sir Edward Darnley holds acknowledgments from you for the sum of £3,400. advanced to you while at Oxford. Measures will be taken to exact payment of the full amount forthwith, SIMON CLUTCHEM."

"Then we are indeed entirely ruined!", said Emily, with a sigh.

Do you doubt it? so we have been any day these three months."

"But can he really claim that money?"

"I suppose so. He always took my acknowledgments for the amount of my year's allowance, solely, he said, to enable him to keep his books. As he had always taught me to consider myself his heir, I never thought he would produce them again st me; but stay, have you looked on the other page of the note?"

"P. S.—I am further requested to beg your presence to-day, at half-past 5, to be a witness to an important deed."

At the appointed hour Ernest was punctually at Dr. Clutchem's office. There, sitting in an easy chair, to his great surprise he saw his uncle. He approached with a gush of feeling at his heart, but the baronet fiercely ordered him back.

"Stand there," he said, "till I tell you the reason for which I summoned you here to-day. You recollect the old long-tailed pony you rode when you were a little boy at school, which I turned out for life at your request?"

"I do," said Ernest, wondering to what this request tended.

"I had shot him the day before yesterday. Your dogs? you no doubt recollect them well! Brano, and Ponto, and Cæsar—and the old Newfoundland dog that brought Miss Merivale—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ernest Darnley, your amiable wife, out of the lake, when your awkwardness upset the boat?"

"I do—the faithful affectionate creature."

"I hanged them at the same time. You recollect Abraham Andrews whom you installed in the fancy cottage in the park, and his mother, and his family, that you was so much interested in? They have left the cottage; they have been paupers on the parish for some time."

"Sir?" cried Ernest, "if you only summoned me here to listen to the recital of such infamous, inhuman"——

"Spare your heroics, young man, you will listen to something more before we part. But come, we're wasting time. Now hear me. You married that girl. You asked no leave of me. Do you know, sir, who her mother was—who her father was,—and do you know, sir, what reason I have to hate them? Answer me that, sir."

"Her father and mother have long been dead, sir. I never knew any cause you could have to dislike them."

"Dislike!—use better words, sir. Say hate—detest—abhor them. Oh! you did not!—you ought to have asked, sir—you would have known that the mother ruined my happiness—that the father attempted to take my life—that I loved her, sir—fiercely—truly—and that she taught me to believe that she returned my love;—till it suited her purposes, and she proved herself a"——

"Stay sir. I will hear no such language applied to the mother of my wife."

"Your wife! Oh, she *your* wife, sir? and has her equipages no doubt, and her country house, and her town house—your lady wife, sir—and her mother was"——

"I shall stay here no longer, sir."

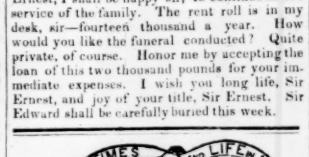
"Wait, wait!—Mr. Clutchem, is the deed all properly prepared?—worded so that the law can find no flaws in it?"

"It is, Sir Edward."

"Then give me a pen, Mr. Clutchem, it wants but my signature to make it efficient.

"This deed, Mr. Ernest Darley, is my will—by which I bestow irrevocably, land, houses, money, goods, mortgages, &c. &c. on certain charities, for which I care nothing, sir, but that I know my bequest will be less beneficial, so applied than by any other means; and I leave you sir, and your inestimable wife the baronetcy—oh! I would not have you deprived of that!—and a jail, sir; and here, sir, I have called you to be a witness. The ink, the ink, Mr. Clutchem," he continued, and held out his pen to dip it in the inkstand, keeping his eye still savagely fixed on his unfortunate nephew. The clock struck six—a sudden light flashed in the room—and Ernest thought he heard, for one moment the creaking of a wheel.

The Baronet's hand continued in the same position—his eye still glared upon the countenance of his nephew, and dead silence reigned in the room. At last Mr. Clutchem advanced—"How's this? bless me! Sir Edward is quite cold. Help there—run for Sir Astley. Ah! the passion was too much for him—gone off in a fit. Dead as an unsigned parchment. Sir Ernest, I shall be happy sir, to continue in the service of the family. The rent roll is in my desk, sir—fourteen thousand a year. How would you like the funeral conducted? Quite private, of course. Honor me by accepting the loan of this two thousand pounds for your immediate expenses. I wish you long life, Sir Ernest, and joy of your title, Sir Ernest. Sir Edward shall be carefully buried this week.



City of New-York.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1832.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We are well-persuaded that we speak the feelings of thousands of the late fugitives from our city, when we record the expression of our deep felt gratitude toward our country acquaintances and friends, for their untiring hospitalities and attention during our short sojourn among them. We have partaken of their generous bounty and enjoyed the luxury of their salubrious abodes—we have revelled on the plenteous productions of their farms and mingled amid their scenes of hilarity and joy—we have drawn around their family altars of prayer, and we have sympathised with their vicissitudes and their successes—we have broken the bread of friendship with many an humble cottager, and we have luxuriated in the mansions of wealth and distinction—we have clambered the "highest hill" and have angled in the clearest brook.—finally we have driven far from us all dread of the Cholera and returned to the city with thankgivings in our hearts. Yet amid the multitude of cares and avocations which a life in New-York imposes, the mind involuntarily steals back among those scenes of "rural felicity" and country amusements, and dreams over with delight late "passages of bewitching reality!" The vast number of our citizens every where scattered near the borders of our glorious river, has rendered a temporary rustication in its vicinity doubly interesting. The proverbial hospitality of the inhabitants was fully experienced by the fugitives, whose gladsome notes and merry peals gave token of their entire appreciation of the generously extended kindnesses and attentions. Each day brought with it some new and pleasing occupation: each evening was spent in the enjoyment of gay and interesting society.

Not a day passed but we found ourselves in the company of city absentees, each seduously engaged in the great search after health and enjoyment. Similarity of pursuit led to an acquaintance, and whether previously known or unknown, the fact of being from New-York gave currency to each, and the intimacy formed for better or worse during the rustication, was left to be continued or dropped on our retutn to the city, as each liked or disliked the partner in his pleasures.

Pleasure parties in which ladies could participate were all the ton—rambling amid woodland wilds—threading devious paths—discovering striking views—climbing the rugged slope of mountains—partaking of collations beneath the shade of the deep forest,—sailing on the broad river,—riding on horseback, and enjoying each and every scene with that relish, which glowing health gives to all pastimes, conspired to make a country residence of a week an epitome of all the happiness of a rural existence.

To our country friends of both sexes we owe this expression of our gratitude, and of our just appreciation of their hospitality and their refined and grateful attentions. For our city friends still revelling in the balmy airs and wholesome zephyrs among the mountains, we ask of Heaven a continuance of health, and the fulfilment of their wishes of soon returning to their homes in the city. Among the great multitude of New-Yorkers that every exile has met in the country, some will cease to be remembered, but a large majority will prove a valuable acquisition, by becoming kind and interesting friends. We have remarked, during a life of some observation, that acquaintances thus formed are the most likely to continue, and that friendships thus created were the most lasting. The fact is, we can learn more of a man, and feel we know him better, after ten days' intimate participation with him in the unsophisticated scenes of a country life, and amid his pleasures and his hilarities, than we do after as many months' city acquaintance. Even thus it is in associating with the fairer portion of creation, the ladies—during a few weeks' rustication—when the cold formalities of the city belle are exchanged for the simple and free manners of a country lady—when the tongue ceases to utter the tinsel frippery of fashion, but allows the heart to dictate the expression of its feelings, giving language to the sentiments of the soul.

Reports of some "tender scenes" having occurred among the fugitives have already reached the city; and, as rumor now and then blabs the truth, we will venture the conjecture, that the late desertion of our city by its thousand-and-one incorrigible bachelors will prove the commencement of hopes that ere many months may be indulged by *consent*—or that the acquaintance accidentally commenced amid rural pastimes will open the way for future and more serious endeavors to win the smiles that once were powerless and disregarded, and a "blushing approval" of feelings once contemned and ridiculed. Belonging, however, to the fraternity ourselves, we must tell no secrets, but may, merely hint that the dence is to pay with the hearts of our Cholera dodging bachelors.

FROM EUROPE

☞The packet SHEFFIELD arrived at this port yesterday [Friday] from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 8th ult. She brings no intelligence of great moment.

Messrs. JAMES WALLACK (Theatre Royal, Drury Lane) and J. P. WILKINSON (English Opera, Haymarket) are among the passengers in the Sheffield.

BOY FOUND.

The Recorder wishes it made public, that on Monday night last he found a little boy, aged about 8 years, asleep on the sill of a door. There surely is nothing very wonderful in the story thus far—but the notice continues to state that the boy was enticed from the country by some person who left him as soon as the boat landed, and that he wandered about the streets a day and a half without food, when he fortunately fell under the eye of the Recorder, who, after administering to his immediate wants, caused him to be sent to the Almshouse, until his parents have an opportunity of claiming him. Now we will engage to supply every *still* in New-York with a snoring boy, if our kind-hearted Recorder will administer to their immediate wants, and believe their story of being kidnapped in the country and then left to wander over our city. Supposing the boy's "well plann'd tale" to be true, what the deuce could the kidnapper promise himself as a reward for stealing a boy and paying his passage to New-York, and then leaving him. This tale is akin to that of our cotemporary's who had a whole basket of children left at his office, and for whose sustenance he adverusses for a wet-nurse. By the way we regret the notice does not state on *which* sill the trig little gent lay so snugly snoring. Murder, the old ladies say, will out, and we have remarked that one or two other of our original sins have a singular penchant for defeating all attempts at concealment.

THE STEAM BOAT RACE.

Nothing the present season has so thoroughly waked up the feelings of those interested in Steamboats, as the race on Saturday last. It is known to all in this community that two very large and splendid boats have just been completed, the Erie and Champlain, but it may not be equally known, that they were expected to surpass in swiftness any boats hitherto on our rivers. The number of boilers, the power of the engines, and their approved model, perhaps justified the expectation to the full extent. The Champlain made her first trip some weeks since, and fully realized by her speed, the hopes of her friends. The Erie was subsequently completed, and after making a few passages to perfect the movement of her machinery, and to get her in trim, it was generally understood that she would on Saturday last, lay herself alongside the lion of the river, the beautiful North America, and fairly contest the palm of victory.

At the hour of starting, our wharves were crowded by multitudes of interested spectators, all eagerly watching the busy preparation for the coming contest. The North America shot away from the dock first, but being compelled to sweep around a vessel laying in her course, she gave the Erie an opportunity to come along side and thus it is said, they left the city neck and neck. Now came the tug of war, and none could witness the contest between these two perfections of art, without emotions of awe and sublimity.

The tide was favorable and they scud away with almost terrific rapidity—now one and now the other ahead; but at no time was the distance between them sufficient to give alarm or hope to either. Thus, they continued till within a few miles of West Point, when every effort was made by both to contest the passage of the Highlands with their utmost power.—The Erie gradually passed her rival, and continued ahead some lengths—shooting up the narrow gorge of the mountains, and touching the landing at Newburgh with triumph in her movements. They left their respective landings at Newburgh at the same instant, the Erie having the advantage in the location of her stopping place. Away they shot, the Erie ahead, and thus continued to Poughkeepsie.

Here the Erie "came to" and while landing her passengers, the North America pushed in ahead, and sent her boat ashore without touching the wharf and was off in a twinkling. Now again commenced a yet severer struggle for the lead. The whip and spur will sometimes effect this object, but here the result was dependant on the exercise of consummate skill and the nicest judgment. The North America held on her way majestically keeping the lead she obtained at the Poughkeepsie landing. Opposite Hudson, the Erie took the Athens channel, and run by Kingston and Hudson landings, while her rival made them both, thereby losing time and making a longer route by a mile. A few short hours decided this closely contested race. The North America arrived at the foot of State street dock eight minutes ahead of the Erie, making the passage from New York to Albany in the extraordinary short time of nine hours and thirty minutes.

The results of this contest ought not to reflect unfavorably on the Erie, for it is no mean praise of a new and untried boat, to say that the very paragon of steamers when put to her utmost mettle, could only gain eight minutes in a race of one hundred and fifty miles. The effect should rather be, to stimulate the exertions of those concerned, to perfect their boat to the utmost limit of human ingenuity, when they may reasonably indulge the hope, of at least equalling every "floating palace" on our waters.

COOPER'S NEW NOVEL.

The market of Romance has been getting dull for some time—indeed "the trade" has appeared to suffer and almost stagnate during the past six months. "The great Magician" having withdrawn his light does not seem to render more brilliant the host of geniuses he was thought to obscure. The prolific pen however of our countryman Cooper has not been idle, and we are happy to see it announced that Messrs. Carey & Lea will shortly publish "The Baron of Hartenburg or the Heidenmauer, a Legend of the Rhine."

Mr. C. has been on the ground in which he has laid the scene of the forth-coming Legend, and reckoning on his wonderful descriptive powers, we anticipate a work of deep interest,—the locality being peculiarly suited to the display of his almost unequalled talent of giving to scenes of nature a vividness and truth that is hardly attainable by the most eminent landscape painter. Truly the majestic Rhine, with its lovely and sublime borders affords a most enticing opportunity for the exercise of those powers which have rendered classic ground much of the striking scenery of our own country.

We have received the first number of the "National Republican," a new political journal, published at Oswego, in this state, by J. A. Green

The steamboat North America, which arrived on Wednesday evening from Albany, brought about 200 passengers. Our citizens who sought refuge from the pestilence in the country, are returning in considerable numbers. Strangers also begin to show themselves among us, and the city has become a great deal enlivened within the last few days.

THE CHOLERA.

The Tuesday's report of the past week gave hope of a most rapid decline of the epidemic, but subsequent reports have partially extinguished this delightful anticipation, and we must submit to the decrees of a wise and merciful Providence, and await the slow but gradual extinction of the disease with that fortitude which a reliance on the justice of God is calculated to inspire.

BULLETIN OF CHOLERA,

CORRECTED FROM THE DAILY OFFICIAL REPORTS of the Board of Health.

	CASES.				DEATHS.				
	Dwellings	Hospitals	Yorkville	Total	Dwellings	Hospitals	Yorkville	Total	Interments
August 11	37	4	0	76	18	15	0	33	73
12	32	31	2	67	9	12	2	23	63
13	63	41	1	105	6	6	1	23	57
14	18	24	0	42	5	7	0	15	50
15	33	38	4	75	11	10	2	26	75
16	39	37	3	79	11	11	1	26	80
17	28	25	10	63	11	8	2	21	63
	216	231	20	507	90	69	8	167	462

Total since commencement of Cases, 5236——Deaths, 2036

APPALLING SUMMARY.—The past month, says the Journal of Commerce, August 8th,—will long be memorable in the annals of this city. Within the short space of thirty-one days, ending yesterday morning at eight o'clock, 8th inst., the number of interments, according to the City Inspector's return, has been THREE THOUSAND AND FORTY-THREE, among an actual population no exceeding 140,000 souls.

If those who have died during the past month, had been anged in a line in Broadway, shoulder to shoulder, as near as they possibly could stand, each occupying not over two feet in the line, it would have extended from the foot of the Park to St. Thomas's Church; or upwards of a mile.—Among be number deceased, is one Alderman, one Clergyman, eight Physicians, and many other respectable and influential citizens.

RETURN OF THE ABSENTEES.

The great "population thermometer," Broadway, is beginning to look delightful with glittering equipages, smiling faces and crowded sidewalks. Every day the past week we have observed a gradual increase of the busy multitude, and the lengthened faces of the sojourners in the city are fast resuming that oval figure indicative of courage and happiness. Business is reviving—stores are being opened—the draymen are getting noisy—wags are cracking their jokes—the dandies are promenading—the "whips" are driving—buggies are put in requisition—Stanhopes are rolling past—the ladies are beautifying the walks—joyous greetings are heard on every corner—hearty shaking of hands are seen in every door—landlords are looking after their tenants—boarding-houses are filling—hotels are looking lively—merchants are taking courage—Doctors are talking wise—Lawyers are getting greedy—the Clergy are giving thanks—the markets are getting tolerable—Gourmands relish their dainties—the hungry are daring to eat—fruits are coming in—peaches look inviting—cucumbers are abolished—"hot corn" is becoming eatable.—"Symptoms" are less thought of—the nerves are strengthening—the pulse is coming up—courage is getting firmer—and thank heaven, Cholera is fast leaving us. To our friends yet in the country, we can conscientiously say, if they have spent their time and money in the improvement of their health and the acquirement of a good stock of moral courage, their return to the city will not be attended with danger; but should any remain feeble or nervous with alarm, they should postpone their return until the city has become more entirely free from the ravages of the epidemic.

Communicated for the Spirit of the Times.

A TRIP TO THE SPRINGS.

Mr. Editor:—Determined upon using every alternative to flee the Cholera, and desirous of closely following in the wake of the *beau monde*, considering the focus to which their numbers were attracted as the surest refuge, I found myself early one pleasant morning snugly ensconced in a corner of the spacious cabin of the elegant steamer North America. After anxiously and intently gazing upon the receding city, now far off, and still lingering at the sight of its lofty steeples and domes, I turned myself away for a moment's sober reflection, which the peculiar circumstances of the case seemed calculated to inspire:

Within those walls, thought I, but a few days since reigned peace and pleasure. The inmates were eminently happy, and care and trouble were as things unknown.—Now what a change! A sweeping pestilence is there, depopulating its fair environs, and rendering the gay metropolis a noxious lazar-house! How many hearts are doomed to be lacerated by its afflicting ravages!——

But the wandering current of my thoughts was instantaneously checked, and the chain which had connected my ideas with the scenes which I had left behind me was broken and dissipated, as my eye glanced at the beautiful and sublime scenery which began to open upon us as we passed swiftly up the majestic Hudson.

How grand are the works of nature, spread out as on a chart on either side of this noble and lordly river! The mountainous pass—the rugged precipice—the narrow defile—the various accompaniments of hill and dale, together with all that is imposing and picturesque in the vegetable kingdom,—the noble oak, the slender fir, and the diminutive sapling, are all here, diversifying the prospect, and filling the mind with pleasing and tranquillizing associations.

But our passage upon the bosom of this "silvery stream" was too quickly over. With regret we passed "like an arrow from the bow" the perpendicular strata of the Palisades—the overhanging beauties of West Point, from whose brow scowled the dilapidated ruins of the venerable Fort Putnam—the more than Alpine heights of the Catskill, whose many summits the magic pen of Irving has rendered classical, and the thousand interesting spectacles that greet the eye of the traveller at all points and in all quarters. Any one's appetite for romance, however great a *gourmand* he may be, will be satiated—in fact, surfeited.

Arriving at Albany, and expecting in traversing its sinuous walks to have called up in our memory many pleasing reminiscences of antiquity—circumstances of old, that transpired during the reign of our Dutch progenitors, we were most disagreeably and unexpectedly disappointed.—We could look upon the antiquated gables that faced the street, and think as fruitfully as we pleased of their durability in resisting the "test of ages and the shock of time," but it was us alone. The streets were awfully dismal—the once populous city was deserted. The plague that broods amid the haunts of men was also there. The inhabitants had fled to regions remote from its influence, caring little for all other interests in comparison with that instinctive and eager desire of the preservation of life.

We again entered a vehicle, anticipating a speedy arrival at the Hygeian Fountains, where thousands resort valetudinary and return convalescent. Our embarkation was on board a Railroad Car—a facility of locomotion much vaunted of, and ever placed by worthy newsmongers under the caption of Internal Improvements. We found ourselves moving smoothly but gaily on, at the rate, as a jolly tar would say, of——knots an hour. We passed through a tract purposely made for the rail-way embowered on all sides by impenetrable forests, invulnerable to the vision from their denseness, the smallest distance.

We soon arrived at Schenectady, a city of some note, and by some quaintly though not disrespectfully appellated *Durip*. We thought it presented a most lugubrious aspect, and enjoyed the dinner of our worthy host, Davis, better than we did our prospect. After taking a bird's-eye view of Union College, which is here located, and a *coup d'œil* of the city at large, we departed by the same mode of conveyance that characterized our *entree*.

Passing through a similar tract of country, we at length entered the happy little village of the Spa. Here we found the worthy inhabitants enjoying entire exemption from the fears of the threatening scourge, convinced that their mineral waters were most effectual preventives. Staying but a short period, we proceeded to its sister village—Saratoga. Here we found the usual quantum of fashionable company, enjoying the salubrity of wholesome air, and the manifold benefits of Chalybeate drinks. But we ever hated the monotony prevalent here—there is not that pleasant familiarity among the visitants which exists at Ballston. It is a character of the place which stands in bold relief. For this reason we have returned to Ballston, where we hope to spend a month's retirement from the busy mart, free from the fears or realities of the desolating scourge.

We arrived at the *facade* of the *Sans Souci* just as the hazy indistinctness of evening was enveloping in gray shade the various objects about us. The "muse of the many twinkling feet" already presided over the gay company, and old and young, grave and sad, were tripping it on the "light, fantastic toe." The evening passed off with great hilarity, and the company retired at a reasonable hour with unequivocal satisfaction.

Finding myself most agreeably situated, and highly delighted with the prospects of future enjoyment, I essayed the making of a few acquaintances. The cynical fop bore no toy intimate—the southern exquisite my confidante—the female *papillon* my admiration: and in the aggregate we made a tolerable corps of *bons vivans*.

Among the numbers that attracted my attention was an old lady of most repelling form and features, whose physiognomy vied in repugnance, to my scissitive fancy, with the enticing features of a ——. She was squab built, fat, florid, and turned of fifty. The nasal organ that ornamented her rubicund visage, was of a falcated form, evidently intended for a Roman nose, but a most ungainly and uncouth attempt. From her very countenance, as she unmaturally distorted it in looking around upon the company, I should have imagined her a second Xantippe, and one too that Socrates could not have yielded to. But for all this, dear reader, (and I blush to "tell it ye,") I desired her acquaintance. You hurriedly ask, why! Why she had a pretty daughter, that's all—a girl of modest pretensions, "just seventeen," and as fresh and fair as a rose-bud just expanding into beauty. In my waking dreams I think unceasingly of her, and in my sleeping ones she haunts me with the tenacity of an incubus. She is the perfect counterpart of an angel—a very Venus—a houri from the celestial paradise of Mohammed—a combination of all that is beautiful and lovely on earth. She sings sweetly—thrums the harp gaily, and the piano divinely—has a swan-like neck—a foot for delicacy of dimensions rivalling the Chinese—and—but this will be called rhapsody or blustering rhodomontade—therefore I'll none of it. Do you longer marvel that I wished the acquaintance of the old lady?

Well, I obtained it. I soon found that she kept an Argus eye on her blooming representative, and exercised over her actions the rigidity of a requited duenna. But yet the fair one and myself came in contact. I flirted with her, and carried her fan. The mother cautioned her against me, but love is blind to artifice, and I caught her in its inextricable meshes.

She was true, and I in no wise fickle. Our furtive meetings fostered our affections. It was her first love. Her attachment was ardent, fervent, even to poetry. She became my idol—my sole thought. At the gay moment of mid-day, or in the silent watches of the night, she was my all. Caroline ——— was my watchword. My dying gasp, whether in the clang of battle or in the stillness of common mortality, should have breathed her name.

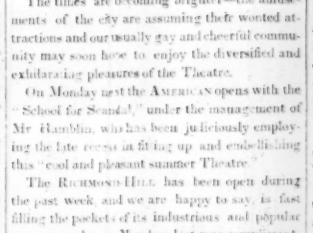
All thus far, went on well.—But a dilemma arose. The mother announced her departure on the week following. What was to be done! I could not divine. But the invention of woman is instinct, and her fruitful intuition ever supplies manifold expedients. She proposed an immediate "bond of union." But how? Why, by transposing the whole into a Gretna-Green affair! I conceded with her. We eloped, and our mutual pledges were laid on the altar of Hymen.

We returned. The mother was implacable.—But the vows were irrevocable, and of necessity she succumbed.

Reader, we now live happily amid the sequestered groves of the romantic Hudson. The once disgusting countenance of the old lady has now become familiar; and I hail her with the endearing title of *mother*.

Suffice it to say that neither of us have found cause to regret the clandestine manner in which we were happily united, nor the events which occasioned our *trip to the Springs*.

MELROSE.



THE THEATRES.

The times are becoming brighter—the amusements of the city are assuming their wonted attractions and our usually gay and cheerful community may soon hope to enjoy the diversified and exhilarating pleasures of the Theatre.

On Monday next the AMERICAN opens with the "School for Scandal," under the management of Mr Hamblin, who has been judiciously employing the late recess in fitting up and embellishing this "cool and pleasant summer Theatre."

The RICHMOND HILL has been open during the past week and we are happy to say, is fast filling the pockets of its industrious and popular manager, who on Monday last was complimented by a neat old fashioned bumper.

The Ravel family are playing their fantastic tricks at the Park and draw creditable houses.—They offer an entertainment well worth the attention of those pleased with feats of agility—of strength—daring, &c &c. They keep possession until the 1st of September, when we anticipate a better season of first rate acting at this house, than has been exhibited since the days of Kean.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

We learn from the Standard that the Committee sent down a deputation to Staten Island on Monday, to make proof of the capabilities of the *troupe*, and the result it was said was very satisfactory—the sub committee speak in high terms of "the eminent talent" in Signor Montresor's company. The resolution adopted to open subscription lists again, is perhaps an omen of rather dark augury, but we must hope that the success of the measure will be extensive enough to remove any possible difficulty. The committee publish the advice which they give to the manager, that he open the Opera House on the 10th September, and their constituents, with the public in general, will be gratified that the day is at length named when they may expect the fulfilment of their long delayed hopes. The exact location of the Opera House is not yet ascertained, but it will doubtless in due time appear in a supplement to the directory. It was reported yesterday that Richmond Hill Theatre had been fixed on for an Opera House, and much murmuring in consequence was heard, but it is believed that the rumor was unfounded. There *was* some months since an arrangement completed for the appearance of the *troupe* at the Bowery, but objections on the part of some of the subscribers suspended it. The Park would of course be the best house, and might be obtained for two nights in the week; and wishes are warmly expressed in many quarters that this will prove to be the "Opera House." We have not in these cholera times made much inquiry about the plans and prospects of the Committee, but this much we may mention—that yesterday we heard a member of that body speak of a correspondence with *Madame Pasta* on the subject of an engagement, and that during the treaty, terms had been spoken of which sounded like 60,000 dollars for sixty nights. *He did not* explain what was the result of the negociation. The committee we doubt not will do all in their power to render the opera effective and attractive.

Charles Kemble and his accomplished daughter have entered into arrangements with Price for a theatrical tour in this country. They may be expected at the latter end of the present month.—Mr. J. Wallack has already embarked on board of one of the packets bound to New-York.

No other circumstance, says the Philadelphia Courier, could create so great a sensation among the patrons of the drama here, as this announcement. There is no one attached to the English stage whose fame is more ripe than Miss Fanny Kemble's, and no one to see whom there exists on this side of the Atlantic a stronger curiosity. Accomplished as an actress, amiable as a woman, and distinguished by a rich intellectual endowment, she will meet a warmth of reception which in these times of dramatic apathy no other could hope to receive. Her father too, were it but for the recollections of his glorious youth, and his family connections, would be heartily welcomed. The brother of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons cannot be an object of indifference. Besides these claims he has strong personal merits, and in a certain line of characters is without rivalry in his profession.

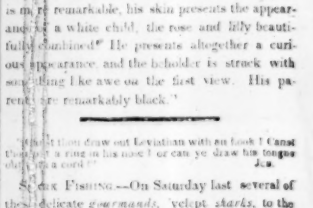
It is now reported that Wallack has been induced by the lessee of Drury Lane to forego his expedition to the United States and the more readily, since it is now certain that C. Kemble and his daughter are going there, upon a guarantee that they shall receive a large sum. We have heard it stated as high as 10,000 but we conclude that there has been an error and that, for "pounds sterling," we should read "dollars."—*London Courier.*

We do not believe the report, says the Standard, which *is* good authority in these matters; Mr. Mumford says, we know from the "highest quarter" that Wallack was to sail in the packet of the 7th July, and theatrical engagements are not things to be lightly got rid of. We confidently expect him in the Sheffield. As to the matter of the "pounds sterling"—the London man writes ignorantly; he should have known that *really good* actors are better paid in America than in England. Here are *two* of the most popular and in a line too least familiar to an American audience, and the sum paid them, large as it is, will not prove too high in the Manager's annual treasury settlement, and is indeed but a modest price in comparison with what has been paid to others. The same amount was offered recently to *one* distinguished artist for a year, with payment in advance in London, and *was declined as insufficient*. It was Braham, who perhaps makes as much at home by singing at concerts, and musical festivals. The spirited liberality of our theatrical management will be appreciated by the public for whom they cater so richly.

M. Manuel Garcia, the celebrated singer and composer, and father of Madame Malibran, died in Paris lately, at his residence in the rue des Trois Freres.

A woman a few mornings ago went into a grog shop, called for a gill of New England rum and drank it. Upon which the lady who tended the bar expressed her wonder that she should drink so much rum on a empty stomach. Why sir! says she, my stomach is not empty for I have drank a pint before this very morning!

A Georgia editor says, "The only healthy corset for a lady's waist, is a husband's arms.



HUMAN NATURE.

spirit—faint white, blu—
bring it forcibly to mind a
quoted paragraph from the *Hydra* ve—
who says, "there is now in this place a c—
boy, the property of Joseph Draper, Esq., who is *changing entirely white!* His body is nearly white, and his face entirely so, with the exception of a few spots the size of a dollar; and, what is more remarkable, his skin presents the appearance of a white child, the rose and lilly beautifully combined!" He presents altogether a curious appearance, and the beholder is struck with something like awe on the first view. His parents are remarkably black."

Speculation draw out Leviathan with an hook? Canst thou put a ring in his nose? or can ye draw his tongue with a cord?" Job.

SEA-SIDE FISHING.—On Saturday last several of these delicate *gourmands*, yclept *sharks*, to the number of half a dozen or more, were discovered in Fulton slip, opposite the market, to the great consternation of the *small-fry* congregated at this favorite resort of the bathing, fishing, and dog-killing gentry. They seemed in pursuit of the scraps of flesh dead and kicking, usually floating about in this sewer of conglomerated monstrosities, to gratify "the keen demands of appetite."

What a scene for the crayon of a Cruikshanks or a Johnston was presented, when in the "leviathans of the deep," first came in sight. Here clinging on a "spile" might be seen two or three apologies for human beings, with a representative of the Ourang-Outang among them, and to crown the whole a great, fat, naked negro was perched on the pile, all staring with eyes half protruded from their sockets at these starved monsters from the sea. It may be unnecessary to add, that for the time being, the gen'mun, and *young 'uns*, concluded to remain on terra-firma, as they seemed well aware sharks are possessed of a *penchant* for *fresh meat*, and exhibit no partiality as respects tenderness of *skins*, or color of *hide*.

It is not to be expected that in the great and good city of Gotham, there should be wanting men of firm hands and stout hearts—men who dare beard the lion in his den, or follow the tigress to her lair. A few of this *kidney* were soon engaged with the foe in their own element, when after a hard fight they succeeded in securing one *shark*, whose jaws were sufficiently capacious to have destroyed the stoutest of our race, and who measured over eight feet in length.

At present may be considered their *fashionable* season for taking *trips to the country*, as they always pay us a visit about this season every year, and we advise all who have any regard to the useful commodity generally styled *legs*, in our dialect, to keep out of the water, as these "varmin is make no bones of usin' up a feller, short metre."

GENTLEMENS' FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

A Morning Coat.

A green morning coat with broad skirts, cross flaps and pockets under, a short square cut collar, and broad lappel to correspond. Trowsers of lavender colored merino, with stripes up the side seams.

A Walking Dress.

A Mazarine blue morning coat with full folding lappels, a black uncut velvet collar, with a square cut, cross flaps and pockets under. A tulip Marsella waistcoat, with turn-down collar, and to button up to the neck. Trowsers, white union drill, with whole fall down, and cut to fit the shape.

Gentlemen's Fashions at Almacks.

In a particularly elegant assemblage at Almack's, we perceived that the favorite male fashion of the night was a Spanish brown coat, with gilt buttons: white waistcoat, relieved with a red or blue silk, worked in gold or silver; black pantaloons, cut quite straight, rather tight and shaped to the instep; the cravat, black satin or silk, with the edges, in some cases, ornamented with a faint imitation of leaves, in gold or silver.

For Frock Coats.

Black, blue and French brown, with a light and rich Mulberry, made double-breasted, the bottom buttons standing near the edge of the breast, turning well back. Velvet collars and facings are still much worn. The collar ends of lappels are (both in double and single breasted frocks) made very small, and the skirts are not cut so full as formerly, and the back and fore parts are plaited up with the side edge. Collars are rather lighter, and stand off behind a little.

Dress Coats.

The colors black and blue, with dark mulberry and rifle green. Waist rather short, and hip buttons for a 15 inch waist, two inches and a half apart, and so in proportion. Velvet collars the color of the cloth, in all cases; flaps or not, according to taste, and the shape of the wearer; the breast to turn to the bottom of lappel; sleeves easy and to fit the wrist tightly from the elbows; small buttons and thin breast; collars rather shorter and lighter, and to stand free round the neck.

Waistcoats for the Morning.

Chintz pattern Marseilla, cut single breasted with rolling collar, or with a steep and turn down collar. Dress waistcoats of silk and either single or double breasted with, roll collar.

Trowsers.

They are now cut to fit the shape tightly from the top to the bottom, which may be left open or not. The whole fall down is very general; the size cut for one of common proportions—crutch 11 1-3; knee 13, calf 11 1-4 bottom 14 inches.

General Observations.

We hasten to announce silk waistcoats of cashmere patterns, which have appeared only a few days ago; they are exceedingly rich and elegant, and will, without a doubt, be very much the fashion. A new material, called lasting Anglais, is coming into favor for pantaloons. Black hats are always fashionable. We see also several grey ones. Some silk hats are now brought to such perfection that they equal the most expensive beaver hats.

Novelties for Waistcoats.

Some of the most remarkable patterns for new silk waistcoats are those of a black satin ground, dotted with white silk points. The most novel among the figures are disposed in a pattern which forms an oblique stripe, and is placed on the material in such a manner, that one can fold it in two, and have the stripes placed obliquely on both sides of the waistcoat.

Novelties for Pantaloons.

A new material, composed of Flanders thread, is the most in demand; those of a small quadrille are considered most RECHERCHE. A new coutil of a particularly strong kind, is also coming much into favor—it is striped in very narrow stripes, and has upon the side a broad dust-colored band.

...S JOURNAL.

...as now a-" found among the loose ... accidentally left at our lodgings.

...rtinence of the Americans—Winking with the left eye—Practice of putting feet on the mantel-piece—Interesting foreigner—Corlears Hook—First Society—Scene in a New York house—American conversation.

Nothing is more disgusting than to see a nation perfectly contented with its lot. The detestable spirit of self-satisfaction and vanity everywhere to be found throughout the United States, makes a great item in the list of annoyances which an intelligent stranger must encounter at every step. I was exceedingly pestered once by a young man who, in their vile pronunciation, after I had been expressing my opinion of their general inferiority, undertook to argue with me, and mentioned the names of numerous persons and places, which I had never seen, as entitled to notice. When I told him warmly that what I *had* seen was quite sufficient for me, he very impertinently replied, that if I were so much discontented with every thing and every body around, he wondered I did not go back to the "glories of London." At this I could trace a half-suppressed smile on the lips of nearly every one of the company, and even one of my own countrymen *winked* to a friend across the table with his left eye. This was intolerable. I immediately arose with the French gentleman, my companion, and retiring up stairs, took down the conversation, and made the subjoined sketch of the company. The gentleman, picking his teeth with the carving knife, is one of the leading members of the senate. The other, with his booted feet on the table-cloth, is one of the very *first* ornaments of their society. This winking with the left eye is an Americanism; and I can only account for my countrymen before alluded to, having been guilty of such a truly republican trick, by the fact, that Englishmen are apt to fall into the manners of the people after residing for some time among them. This danger should be seriously considered by all who purpose visiting the country. Several of my old acquaintance have crossed me in the course of my pregrinations, fairly *acclimated*, both in soul and body. Two or three have been detected wearing *straw hats*, a hideous head gear for males, peculiar to the people, and one, an English-man of my certain knowledge, is said to have actually taken a *mint julep*, and to have dined at a *table d'hote*. It is melancholy indeed, when one has to blush for one's own countrymen in a foreign land. By the way, every American winks with his left eye. They are always winking. That graceful and expressive operation which, with us, is used only between wits and lovers, to add brilliancy to a repartee or tender meaning to an affectionate *double entendre*, in this land of equality is degraded to every day uses. I often noticed it when I began to express my opinions, s-lt haunted me in my sleep. One of my most supreme delights on crossing the Canada line was, that I escaped that insignificant national inuendo. I could bear the powdering of the belles. I even in time became accustomed to see every gentleman with his feet on the mantel-piece, and to feel his hand, when he addressed me, brought down with a sledge-hammer emphasis upon my shoulder; but to the winking indeed I could never reconcile myself.

One evening I was standing on a dock near Catharine market, alone, and wrapped in said meditation, when I perceived a lady near playing with a little boy. From a certain elegance of her manner and pronunciation, I knew at once that she was not American; and by means of some kindred feeling, we found ourselves in a few moments engaged in eager conversation. Never—never shall I forget the look of her large soft eyes as she exclaimed,

"They put their feet upon the mantel-piece—Oh, yes! They spit and chew tobacco. They wink and they whittle. They care no more for the murder of a man than of a sheep. They have no old ruined castles. There is not a dust cart at Cincinnati. They are perfectly satisfied and happy. They drink mint juleps—Oh, yes."

It brought tears into my eyes. I felt immediately that all my hatred of them was just.

The part of New York which I was advised to visit first, was Corlaers Hook. It is a point of land reaching off towards the west, and jutting into the East river. The spot is occupied by their *first* buildings, and here is to be met the best society that America affords. It was with a good deal of difficulty, however, that I could be made to credit this. Let no one who wishes to form a favorable idea of the city, commence his observations by a residence at Corlaers Hook. If this offer specimens of their boasted architectural beauties, I should like to procure a glance at their ordinary mansions. One day I walked out with my note book, to indulge myself with a few unprejudiced observations. I peeped in at the doors and windows to see what was to be seen, noting down fragments of conversations as they were borne to my sickened ears by the breeze of evening. One building in particular attracted my notice by the sign, "Liberty Cariolanus Julius Cæsar Deacon Peabody Piper Twigg's grocery store. Rum and sugar. Codfish and molasses." At the door were divers barrels of flour; hung or *smoked* beef, that dreadful and loathsome intruder upon every American table, and at every American party; and two or three pigs. A circle of gentlemen were sitting around on barrels with their feet hoisted upon the counter, forming a group truly picturesque and ludicrous. They were all drinking, smoking and swearing. I stopped, anxious to be still more initiated into the domestic manners of modern republics, and thus, while monsieur De Kickshaw, my learned French companion, took a drawing of the scene, I wrote down the words as they fell from the speaker's lips.

"Jim," said one, "what will you take to drink I reckon?"

"Well, I guess Bob," replied the other, "I'll try a grain of gin to-day."

"That's a screamer of a drink," said a young lady, "I calculate. I guess it goes down the throat as slick as grease, and a *leetle* slicker; give me some toddy, too."

"Bob," cried the other, "what do you think those poor devils of Englishmen would give to make their own laws and govern themselves as we *does?*"

"I calculate that I reckon they'd be pleased to get some of this here *critter*."

"My eye!" said the lady, "we know all about the poor miserable slaves of England," &c.

So much for the *gentlemen* and *ladies* of modern republics. I do not mean the above description exactly to apply to the "travelled few." There are now and then to be found certain individuals who hold themselves aloof from the rest; but when I speak of *Americans*, I allude to the mass of the people. Of these, duty compels me to say, I neither like their language, their opinions, their appearance, their manners, their customs, their laws, nor any thing that is theirs. Their "eternal forests are detestable." They hang all the Irish criminals among them, and pardon all the natives. The murder of a man is no more taken notice of by any body than the murder of a sheep. The women (with one or two exceptions among my personal friends) are all destitute of every virtue, and are gross, cruel, ignorant, and immodest.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Puns, pungently pointed, and perpetrated promptly, are productive of a prorupition of a pretty proportion of piquant pleasure; but puns protracted and re-produced in every possible position, and in every person's premises, should be punishable by propulsion of the perpetrator from punning presence.—*Lowell Compend.*

We were quite amused the other day with an answer given by a green looking chap to several boys who were standing around him. Said he "What looks the most like *half a cheese?*" They immediately set their wits to work. Some guessed the moon, others a grindstone split open, but finally gave it up. "Why, you darn'd chowder-heads, it is the *other half*, don't you know!"

Courtship of the late Dr. R.—"Dear sir. If am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it. Your obliged Eliza L." "Dear Miss Eliza, I beg your pardon, but wrote your name in mistake; it was Miss Ann I meant to ask; have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother, J. R." The Dr. and Miss Ann were married, and as they say on the fairy tales, "lived very happy all the rest of their lives."

NEW-YORK.

Promising Boy.—A boy called at the store of W. Van Zant, No. 214 Greenwich street, on Saturday last, stating that his mother wanted to purchase two parasols, and requested Mr. Van Zant to the place he mentioned. Accordingly, six were sent by a small boy for the lady to take her choice. Soon after he got out of the store with them, the young rogue snatched them from the boy, and ran off. Nothing has been heard of the fellow or parasols since.

ALBANY.

Juvenile Offenders.—On Saturday, during the absence of Mr. Lyons, grocer, at Albany, his store was entered through the back door, by a number of juvenile offenders, who helped themselves plentifully to champaign wine, raisins, and other good things. Judging from appearance, there must have been at least a dozen who feasted themselves on the choice dainties. Four or five have been arrested.

BOSTON.

A Yankee on the Lead.—A man by the name of Feelon hired, on Wednesday, a horse and chaise in Dedham to go to Canton. On his arrival there, he swapped them with a Mr. P——, for a horse and waggon, receiving $15 to boot—Mr. P—— suspecting that all was not right, proposed to return with Feelon to Dedham, to satisfy himself as to F's honesty, &c. Eeelon consented and off they started, Mr. P—— driving the horse and chaise, whilst F. took the lead withe the horse and waggon. Feelon soon drove out of sight, turned down a bye-road, and made off. Mr. P—— arriving at Dedham, found the true owner of the horse and chaise, who claimed his property, and thanked him heartily for bringing them back.

Feelon, with P——'s horse and waggon and the cool $15—had struck off, like Joe Ball's clams into deeper water, and may be digging out up to this moment, for ought we know or P—— either.

More Storebreaking.—The grocery store of Mr. S. W. Robinson, near the old Charleston bridge, was entered on Wednesday night, through the outer cellar door. The rogues, next forced open the door which led to the store, and finding none of the needful, but a lot of brummagems, they took about forty pounds of tea and a lot of nutmegs for *sweetning*, amounting to 40 or 50 dollars, and then departed by one of the doors on the street.

Some phosphorus matches were found on the floor. It is not probable they intended to fire the store, but merely to throw light on their researches.—*Transcript.*

A shrivelled, feather-faced little man, was brought in as a common beggar. When called upon to state why he was begging about the city, he said, "Sair, I am von poor ole man; I was going to see my two dear childs. I travel all de way from Cinnati since de 25th of June. Sair, Milor, you sal let me go, an I will nevair trouble you no more." It appeared that the old man was 79 years of age, that he came to this country with Lafayette, was at the battles of Brandywine and Monmouth, was wounded and disabled. On his promise to go out of the city, he was discharged.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Horrible Incident.—On Friday the spectators who usually attend the levees of his honor the Mayor were thrown into a state of excitement which baffles all power of language to describe, by an incident of the following description. Among the prisoners brought up by the watch in their nightly rounds, was a young gentleman of highly respectable connexions, who had been taken up in the street about midnight, shockingly drunk, the result of a regular frolic. He was dressed in old style, wearing buckskin small-clothes, which fitted as tight upon his person as the skin itself, and elegantly worked with white silk. His hat had been cut off near the crown, and had been sowed down close to the brim, with coarse wax ends, over which a broad yellow ribband was tied. He wore boots with red tops, and flourished a whip in his hand. The watchman, Hines, was attracted by hearing him striking a passenger, in Race street, near the den of infamy, Wagner's Alley, and as it was found impossible to keep him quiet, Hines, set off to conduct him to the watch-house. On the way, the prisoner amused himself with laying his whip over the shoulders of the officer, who finally conducted him to the general receptacle. When brought up for examination this morning, he had not slept off the fumes of the liquor he had swallowed in such copious draughts; and while waiting his turn to be questioned, he was seized with sickness at the stomach, followed by a dreadful fit of vomiting. "He's got the Cholera," immediately issued from the mouths of all present, and a shudder ran through the veins of the horror-struck spectators. He was conducted into the yard adjoining the Mayor's office, where the vomiting continued so violently, that the Mayor directed a physician to be sent for immediately, and despatched a second messenger to inform the prisoner's father of his son's situation.—The physician arrived, and pronounced him in a dangerous condition. His father soon after came, but refused to allow his son to be taken home, declaring that he was unworthy of his notice. He was accordingly removed to a Cholera Hospital.

Saturday, 12 o'clock.—The person mentioned in the above report, is now convalescent. The greatest possible care was taken of his case, and a speedy recovery is anticipated. His case should serve as a striking warning to persons of similar habits.—*Bulletin.*

CHARLESTON.

Outrage.—An outrage of a very daring and nearly fatal character, was perpetrated in Charleston, S. C., on the 27th ult. A colored man by the name of Irvin, a barber, was singing an indecent song in Church street. Mr. Geo. Cramer, Jr. who happened to be passing desired him to desist. Instead of checking however, it only irritated the fellow, who lavished so much abuse upon Mr. C. as induced that young gentleman to strike him. The fellow then went off, and shortly afterwards returned with a knife, and telling Mr. Cramer that he would have satisfaction, made a blow at him with the knife, which inflicted a severe wound in his arm. Mr. Cramer immediately called for assistance; upon which Mr. Kimball came up, when he also was attacked by the fellow, who inflicted a severe wound in the body of Mr. C.; the progress of the knife was arrested by his ribs, against which the blade broke. Irvin was soon after taken by the Guard, and will be tried for these offences by a Court of Magistrates and Freeholders.

A Bull.—A black man, in Philadelphia, on his return from New York, was enquired of concerning the Cholera in the latter city, replied, "Why, Cuffee, you hab no conspection of de fertility of dat ar colery man. Why, in one house war one old man live by heself bofe died, by the lord."

The ruling passion.—A friend was condoling a sporting character, whose wife at the time lay very ill with the cholera. "Cheer up! cheer up!" said he, "while there's life there's hope you know." "Ah! it's no use," said he, while the tears coursed down his cheek, "there's no hope. Tom, I'm sure she's going, by 'Clipse"—pulling out his pocket book, "I'll bet you an X to a V (ten to five) she's dead before morning."

A fellow once sustaining a part in the play of *Douglas*, at an exhibition at one of our academies, was rather abashed about making his appearance on the stage. After much persuasion he consented, and was requested to inform Lord Randolph that the banquet awaited his presence; but in his fright, for fear he should not do the message correctly, he took a short cut, and said "*Mr. Randolph, supper's ready.*"

THE SPRINGS.

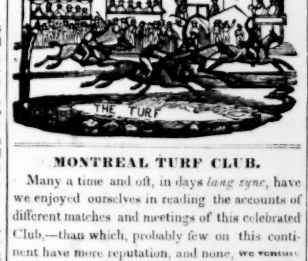
We understand the Virginia Springs are visited this season by a very large and fashionable company. There were about two hundred and twenty at the White Sulphur Springs. The Salt Sulphur and the Sweet Springs, were also well attended. The roads leading to the Springs were thronged by carriages and horses going in that direction.

Mr. Clay passed through Charlottesville on Saturday week, on his way to the Springs and so Kentucky. He staid at Staunton on Sunday night, and set out for the Springs on Monday morning. Mr. Livingston, Secretary of State, also passed through Charlottesville on Saturday week with his family, on his way to the Springs.

Letters from the Virginia Springs were received yesterday—and they state, that the White Sulphur is already crowded with visitors. Such a gathering has probably never before been witnessed among the Mountains, in search of pleasure or of health. Saratoga and Ballston complain of desertion. The Cattskill ceases to attract so many fashionables. And they are all flocking to the Virginia Springs to sip water, and flirt with the gay. We have Conventions enough, in all conscience, to settle the affairs of the nation—to adjust the rates of the tariff—and to arrange the candidates for the high offices of the nation. But the fashionables are now holding their Conventions among our Mountains, to form new coalitions, to regular treaties, to determine between the merits of contending candidates and to give laws to the *haut ton*. It is an agreeable relief from the cares of the world—from the struggles for office, the drudgery of business, the terrors of the Cholera, and the panic of nullification. There the pale face resorts to pluck the rose of health—The rheumatic repairs to these bracking fountains to enable him to part with his crutch; and there the ennuyee bends his steps, to vary his sensations, and to re-animate his spirits.

But as for *us*, who are compelled to ply the daily oar amid the dust of the metropolis; some to visit their patients; others to display their goods upon the almost neglected counter—and some to slumber or to stroll; while we are compelled to exercise our vocation of collecting bulletins of the Cholera, small news from abroad, or Balaam from other papers, what comfort have we, but to sympathize with our friends of the Spring, look forward to the day of our re-union, interdict the use of melons and pine apples, administer calomel or camphor, descant upon the cholera, or discourse about Nullification. Well—well! we poor weights of the press are the legitimate descendants of Job—we must remain at our posts—labor in all seasons—and bear the "arrows of adverse fortune" with as much philosophy as possible. Two months will soon flit by us, and then we shall have our friends again from the mountains, with better health and more elastic spirits, to receive and to communicate the pleasures of society.—*Richmond Compiler.*

Pun Trap.—The Lowell Compend says.—"We have heard of a wit who kept a nutmeg grater on his table in order to say, when a *great* man was mentioned, 'there's a *grater*.'"



MONTREAL TURF CLUB.

Many a time and oft, in days *lang syne*, have we enjoyed ourselves in reading the accounts of different matches and meetings of this celebrated Club,—than which, probably few on this continent have more reputation, and none, we venture to say, whose officers and members are more deservedly respected.

When about commencing a sheet devoted to the "Sports of the Turf," we felicitated ourselves on receiving the interesting results, and spreading before our patrons the accounts of their most spirited matches and meetings, so many of which are indeed rife with incident and interest. But we and probably many others, have been disappointed. Owing to the raging pestilence now stalking thro' the land, the meetings of the different Jockey Clubs, as perhaps is most proper, have for the present been generally discontinued. We look forward, however, to "better days and happier times."

We must be allowed fondly to cherish the hope of one day becoming the humble medium of communication between the honorable and high-minded Sportsmen of the Canadas, and the no less ardent, hospitable and warm-hearted lovers of Field Sports of our own country—when, by a more extended and frequent interchange of mutual courtesies, we may become better acquainted and know better how to appreciate the worth, and the feelings of respect we entertain for each other.

Our feelings have unconsciously led us from the subject matter of our discourse, which was this: —the editor of the Kingston Chronicle, (a paper for which we entertain a high regard,) acknowledges the receipt of a copy of the *Rules and Orders of the Montreal Turf Club*, from which we subjoin an article which may not be uninteresting to all connected in *any way* with the Turf, but invaluable to those immediately concerned. "It illustrates," he says, "the justice of a decision made by three umpires at a private match in Kingston last fall, upon a point then disputed between two competitors. Although not particularly skilled in the science of the Turf, we nevertheless are desirous to afford its votaries an opportunity of rectifying any erroneous view that may be entertained on subjects liable to arbitration."

If in running any race, one horse shall cross and jostle another, or if any rider shall strike or use any other foul play, or shall take the track before he is a clear length in front of the horse whose track he crosses, he shall be deemed distanced, and the next best horse declared the winner; or if, in running, a rider shall leave sufficient space for another to run up and lap him on the inside, if such rider having the outside shall rein his horse inwards against his competitor, for the purpose of throwing him out of the course, or running him against the poles, such rider shall be deemed distanced; it being absolutely necessary, as well for the safety of the jockies themselves as for the satisfaction of the public, that foul riding should be punished with the severest penalty; and if such cross or jostle shall be proved to have happened intentionally, such jockey shall not again be permitted to ride at any meeting where this club presides.

The "Flying Dutchman" has *not* been sold to Mr. Craig as was reported. It is to be hoped that if he should fly *from* the acceptance of the challenge thrown at him by Andrew and the Bonnets; he may yet fly *for* the great poststake on the Central course, which wants a subscriber to make it up, and will be closed on the first of October next.—*Turf Register.*

An Interesting Trotting Match came off on Friday 8th June, at the Central course, between Chancellor and Lady Washington, for $500; three mile heats—won by the former in two heats. First heat 8 m. 53 s.; second heat 9 m. 29 s.—*Ib.*

From the American Turf Register.

NEWMARKET RACES.

Petersburg, Va. July 23, 1832.

Mr. Editor:—If you shall have a vacant page in the August No. of your very valuable work, you may insert a memorandum of the races to be run over the Newmarket Course, Petersburg, Va. the ensuing fall.—They will commence as usual on the second Tuesday in October, and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, two mile heats, $200 entrance, half forfeit. To this there are already nine subscribers, viz. Abner Robinson, R. Adams, John Minge, Thomas A. Taylor, D. H. Branch, John M. Botts, Wm. Wynn, W. M. West, and Wm. R. Johnson. It will not close, however, till the first day of August; and really I must say that it cannot fail to be a most interesting race, not only on account of the number already entered, but the strong presumption that each subscriber will have his colt at the post. The stake has been made out since the last spring races, and each of the subscribers owns a three year old winner during that campaign; all now in fine health and condition. Indeed, sir, I think I don't go too far when I say that these gentlemen own the most promising three-year-olds in Virginia. They have not yet named.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, $300; two mile heats; entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, $600; four mile heats; entrance $20.

Fourth day, Proprietor's purse, $250; two mile heats; entrance $15.

You may also mention some several stakes which are still open, and to be run over this old and favorite course, viz.

A sweepstakes for spring of 1833, with colts and fillies, three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit. To close January 1, 1833. To this there are seven subscribers.

Second, a sweepstakes for spring of 1835, for colts and fillies, three years old; mile heats; $300 entrance; $200 forfeit. To this there are seven subscribers. To close February 1, 1833.

Third, a produce stake for spring of 1836, for colts and fillies three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit. To close January 1, 1833. To this stake there are twenty-one subscribers.

There are also stakes open for the falls of 1833, '34, and 35, each having several subscribers.

I have been induced to mention these last stakes to you, not on account of any special interest I feel in having good racing over this course particularly, but mainly that you might invite the attention of breeders more particularly to the subject, and show them the propriety, and importance too, of entering their colts in stakes before they attain the age of two or three years, by which time all stakes in which they could be entered are for the most part closed, and the breeder thereby deprived of an opportunity of trying his colt, before his over-anxiety to realize induces him to sell, and, of necessity, at a comparatively low price. Whereas, if a well-bred, stylish colt were entered in several stakes, the mere prospect of gain would induce the racer to give a comparatively high price. And this plain fact, sir, is a candid answer to the thousand inquiries made of the races by the breeders:—Why is not my colt as well bred, as stylish, and worth as much as my neighbor's?—Because, sir, your colt, though well bred and stylish, is engaged in no stakes.

Most respectfully, your ob't serv't,

The Proprietor.

J. S. Skinner, Esq.

GRAND TROTTING MATCH.

The grand trotting match between Mr. Osbaldeston's American phenomenon, Rattler, and Mr. Payne's entire horse, Rochester (formerly the property of Mr. Theobald,) has been finally arranged. The match was originally made on the part of Rattler, £1000 to £500, but Mr. Osbaldeston having stipulated that it was to be a 'fair trot,' and understanding that Rochester was a runner, or a racker, as it is called in America, some demur was made, as to the coming off of the event. On Wednesday last, however, Mr. Osbaldeston met Mr. Payne at Mr. Pearce's at Smitham Bottom, by appointment, for the purpose of satisfying his doubts as to the pace of Rochester: when the horse was trotted in his presence, and all objections on that score removed. It was then mutually agreed that the match should come off on the 4th of July, the place and time to be settled by the 22d inst. The match is to be performed in harness, and the distance to be five miles. Rochester will continue his training at Pearce's, at Smitham Bottom, and Rattler is at Mr. Moreton's at Croydon, where he will remain till the place of contest is decided. The betting on time has been brisk, and stands thus—even that the distance is performed by the winner under 16 minutes; 2 to 1 it is not done in 15 minutes; 10 to 1 on 14 minutes and a half; and any odds it is not done under that period.

Match between Rattler and Driver.

A second match has been made, for £500 a-side, £100 forfeit, between Rattler and Driver, in saddle, to trot 34 miles [17 out and in,] to carry 11 st. and Driver 9. Driver is the little galloway which recently performed seventeen miles so cleverly at Smitham Bottom within the hour. The match is to come off on the Friday in the New-market July meeting [the 12th,] within a hundred miles of London. Betting, even on the match, and heavy sum has been wagered that Mr. Osbaldeston does not ride and win.

These events will, no doubt, excite considerable interest in the sporting world, which, in these dull times, is not a little indebted to Mr. Osbaldeston for the spirit with which he "keeps the game alive." Tom Thumb was at Smitham Bottom, on Wednesday, and looks extremely well.—Bell's Life in London.

English General Stud Book.—The Editor of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, will cause to be republished the "English General Stud Book," as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers, (say 150,) can be obtained, to guarantee against much loss. It is undertaken with no view to profit; but to put into the hands of American Sportsmen and Breeders of the Turf Horse, who may desire to possess it, a work of acknowledged authority, containing the pedigrees of English thorough bred horses, from the earliest days down to 1832.

To the American copy, brief notes will be appended to shew the animals named in the English Stud Book, which have been brought to America, and into what state imported.

It will be handsomely printed on good paper, and with a new type, and will be comprised in one large volume of about 900 pages.

The cost of the English copy is $24 in boards; that of the American will not exceed $10. Payment to be made on the delivery of the work.

Amy Dardin once more.—It is stated in a Louisana paper that the President had withheld his signature to the bill allowing pay for the renowned horse Romulus, and that the old lady will appear on the *Washington course* next winter, and *ride down* another generation of Congressmen.

CURING A BROKEN BACK.

The lovers of light reading will not have forgotten the appearance (some three years ago) of a couple of humorous, original, and highly entertaining volumes, under the title of "Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches." A continuation of the work has lately been published; from the first volume of which we extract the following description of a farrier's manner of healing a broken back, which will be found highly characteristic of the worthy Irish knight's way of telling a story; although the subject is one which in any other hands would excite only horror and disgust. It is necessary to understand that Tom White, the whipper-in of the hounds at Blandsford, had broken his back by leaping into a gravel-pit as he was in pursuit of a hare. The medical faculty, conceiving him to be entirely out of the reach of their skill, he was given over to the tender mercies of Mr. Butler, the horse-doctor, whose method of treatment was as follows:

The farrier first stripped Tom to his shirt, and then placed him flat on the great kitchen table, with his face downwards; and having (after being impeded by much roaring and kicking) tied a limb fast to each leg of it—(so as to make a St. Andrew's cross of him) he drew a long table-cloth over the lower part of the sufferer's body, and tying the corners until reeth the table, had the pleasure of seeing Tom White as snug and as fast as he could wish, to undergo any degree of torture without being able to shift a quarter of an inch. Mr. Butler then walked round in a sort of triumph, every now and then giving the knots a pull to tighten them, and saying "Mighty well—mighty good! Now *stand fast*, Tom."

Tom's back being thus duly bared, the *doctor* ran his immense thumb from top to bottom along the spine with no slight degree of pressure; and whenever the whipper-in roared louder than common, Mr. Butler marked the spot he was touching with a lump of chalk. Having in that way ascertained the tender parts, he pressed them with all his force, as if he were kneading dough—just, as he said, to *settle the joints* quite even.

The operator, having concluded his *reconnoitering*, now proceeded to real action. He drew parallel lines with chalk down Tom's back, one on each side the back bone; at particular points he made a cross stroke, and at the tender parts a double one, so that Tom had a complete ladder delineated on his back, as if the doctor intended that something should mount by it from his waistband to his cravat.

The preliminaries being thus gone through, and Mr. Butler furnished with a couple of red hot irons, such as maimed horses are fired with, he began, in a most deliberate and skilful manner, to fire Tom according to the rules and practice of the art of horse-doctoring. The poor fellow's bellowing, while under the actual cautery, all the people said they verily believed was the loudest ever heard in that country since the massacre of Mullymart. This part of the operation, indeed, was by no means superficially performed, as Mr. Butler *mended* the lines, and made them all of a uniform depth and color, much as the writing-master mends the letters and strokes in a child's copy-book; and as they were very straight and regular, and too well broiled to suffer any effusion of red blood, Tom's back did not look much worse for the tattooing. In truth, if my readers recollect the excellent mode of cutting down each side of a saddle of mutton just to clear the brown gravy, they will have a good idea of the longitudinal cauteries in question. On three or four of the tender places before mentioned, Mr. Butler drew his transverse cross-bars, which quite took off the uniform appearance, and gave a sort of *garnished* look to the whole drawing, which seemed very much to gratify the operator, who again walked round and round *the body* several times with a red hot iron in his hand, surveying, and here and there retouching the rugged and uneven parts. This *finishing* rendered the whipper in rather *hoarse*, and his first roars were now changed to softer notes—somewhat as an opera singer, who occasionally breaks into his falsetto.

"Howld your bother," said Mr. Butler, to whom Tom's incessant shrieking had become very disagreeable: "howld your music, I say, or I'll put a touch on your nose as tight as yourself did on Brown Jack, when I was firing the ringbone out of him: you're a greater beast yourself nor ever Brown Jack was."

Mr. Butler having partly silenced the whipper-in through fear of the *touch*, the second part of the process was undertaken—namely, depositing what is termed by farriers the cold charge on the back of Tom White. However, on this occasion the regular practice was somewhat varied, and the *cold* charge was nearly boiling hot when placed upon the raw ladder on the whipper-in's back. I saw the *torture* boiled in a large iron ladle, and will mention the ingredients just to show that they were rather more exciting than our milk-and-water charges of the present day:—viz. 'Burgundy pitch, black pitch, diaculum, yellow wax, white wax, mustard, black resin, white resin, sal ammoniac, bruised hemlock, camphor, Spanish flies, and oil of origanum, boiled up with spirits of turpentine, onion juice, and a glass of whiskey;' it was kept simmering till it became of a proper consistence for application, and was then laid on with a painter's brush, in the way they calk a pleasure boat.—Four coats of this savory substance did the farrier successively apply, each one as the former began to cool. But, on the first application, even the dread of the touca could not restrain Tom White's vociferation. After this he settled itself in the chinks, he seemed to be quite stupid, and tired of roaring, and lay completely passive, or rather insensible, while Mr. Butler finished to his taste; dotting it over with short lamb's wool as thick as it would stick, and then another coat of the unction, with an addition of wool; so that, when completed with several layers of charge and lamb's wool, Tom's back might very well have been mistaken for a saddle of Southdown before it was skinned. A thin ash board was now neatly fitted to it down Tom's spine by the carpenter, and made fast with a few short nails driven into the charge. I believe none of them touched the quick, as the charge appeared above an inch and a half thick, and it was only at the blows of the hammer that the patient seemed to feel extra sensibility. Tom was now untied and helped to rise; his woolly carcase was bandaged all round with long strips of a blanket, which being done, the operation was declared to be complete, in less than three quarters of an hour.

The other servants now began to make merry with Tom White. One asked him how he liked purgatory—another, if he'd stop thieving, after that judgment upon him—a third, what more could Father Cahill do for him. Doctor Butler said but little; he assumed great gravity, and directed that the whipper-in should sit up stiff for seven days and nights, by which time the juices would be dried on him; after that he might be down if he could.

This indeed was a very useless permission; as the patient's tortures were now only in their infancy. As soon as the charge got cold and stiff in the nicks and fancy figures upon his back, he nearly went mad; so that for a few days they were obliged to strap him with girths to the head of his bed to make him 'stay easy;' and sometimes to gag him, that his roars might not disturb the company in the dining parlor. Wallace the piper said that Tom White's roarings put him quite out.

When the poor fellow's pains had altogether subsided, and the swathing was taken off, he cut one of the most curious figures ever seen: he looked as if he had a stake driven through his body; and it was not till the end of four months that Mr. Butler began to pour sweet oil down his neck between his back and the charge, which he continued to do daily for about another month, till the charge gradually detached itself, and broken-backed Tom was declared cured; in truth, I believe he never felt any inconvenience from his fall afterward.

The milk of the whale produces cream much richer than that of the cow, and a joint stock company to establish a whale-cheese manufactory at Spitzbergen or the North Pole would certainly be a capital speculation.

Miscellaneous.

ACCOUNT BOOKS STATIONARY &c
Wm. C. Taylor, Jr.—55 Wall-st.

Has constantly on hand, at the most liberal prices, Account Books of every description and of superior quality.

Likewise a select and general assortment of Stationary, at the Lowest market prices.

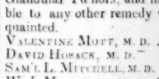
Blank Books ruled to any pattern, and bound in the best style, by long experienced and first-rate workmen.

Blanks, of all kinds; Visiting Cards, Sealing Wax, Lead Pencils, Ink Stands, Wafers, Quills, Ink, Slates, Pounce, all kinds of metallic Pens, Pocket Books, &c. &c. always on hand.

☞ Bills of Lading, Notes of Hand, Checks, and all other blank printing executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch.

☞ A few copies of the Life of Stephen Girard remaining on hand. Aug. 1832.

FOR LONG BRANCH,
Eatontown, Red Bank, and the Ocean House, at Shrewsbury Inlet.



The new and elegant steamboat DAVID BROWN, Capt. James Pennoyer, will commence her regular trips for the above places on Sunday morning next, August 5th, running alternately to Eatontown and Red Bank in the following order, viz:—

Will leave Fulton Market wharf for Eatontown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday: For Red Bank every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock. Returning, she will leave from each place at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at the Ocean House Dock, at Shrewsbury Inlet, until 1-2 past 3 o'clock P. M. each day. By the above arrangement passengers will have an opportunity to remain at Long Branch several hours—sufficient time to bathe, dine, &c. and return to the city at an early hour in the afternoon. Stages will always be in attendance to convey passengers to Long Branch and other parts of the country.—Fare to and from Eatontown, Red Bank, and Shrewsbury Inlet, 50 cents each way.

A trip to the Ocean House at Shrewsbury Inlet, or to Long Branch, is not surpassed by any similar excursion in the vicinity of New-York.

Boats, fishing-tackle and bait always to be had at the Ocean House of L. Stillman.

ANTI-CHOLERA PLASTER.
(certificate.)

"Messrs. L. Morange & Davis;

"*Gentlemen*—The virtues of your Gum Plaster, as an effectual promoter of perspiration, have been long known to me. It appears peculiarly adapted to be of great service at the present period, when the Cholera is raging; one of the prominent effects of which is to interrupt, if not wholly to suspend the salutary functions of the skin. It supplies in most cases the use of the warm bath, where this expedient cannot be had recourse to; it is an excellent substitute for flannel, and it is in my opinion preferable to the use of irritating plasters, answering all their good effects, and being both more gentle and agreeable in its operation. It should be so worn as to surround the chest and stomach pretty generally, and be occasionally changed. It will prove essential to serviceable to those who are about changing their residence from the country to the city, and vice versa, as it preserves an equable temperature on the surface, so apt to be impaired by variations of atmospheric locality. Yours truly,

DANIEL L. M. PEIROTTO, M. D.
President of the Medical Society.

New-York Aug. 1 1832.

"I concur in the above opinion.

FRANCIS E. BERGER, M. D.

"I have been in the habit of using the Gum Plaster for years, in medical and surgical cases, and believe it a valuable auxiliary to the healing art. VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.

Aug. 2, 1832.

MEDICATED OIL SILK.
New-York, August 23, 1832.

The Medicated Oil Silk manufactured by B. Morange, is capable of being applied with great advantage, in most cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Chronic enlargements, Stiffness in the joints, and Glandular Tumors, and in some cases is preferable to any other remedy with which we are acquainted.

Valentine Mott, M. D. John Watts, M. D.
David Hosack, M. D. A. H. Stephens, M. D.
Sam'l L. Mitchell, M. D. Wood Post, M. D.
W. J. Macneven, M. D. G. P. Clafield, M. D.
R. S. Kissam, M. D. John Neilson, M. D.
Felix Pascalis, M. D.

L. Morange & Davis, 105 William street, having been appointed by the proprietor sole agents for the Anti Cholera Plaster and Medicated Oil Silk, none is genuine unless accompanied by this certificate, and signed with their signature.

OCEAN HOUSE,
At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

Capt. James Pennoyer respectfully informs the Public that the above House, under the superintendence of Mr. Lawrence Stillman, is now open for the Season.

This Establishment, being in the immediate vicinity of the Ocean, offers to its inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries, during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze*, and of *Sea* or *River Bathing*.

The new Steamboat David Brown leaves New-York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

Boats, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

Commission and Exchange OFFICE,
130 BROADWAY.

S. J. Sylvester continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c, payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYLVESTER.

TO HOUSE CARPENTERS.

A young man wishes to bind himself as an Apprentice to the trade of a House Carpenter, for the term of 3 or 4 years. For further information inquire at 497 Pearl-street.

WANTED.

A young man wishes a situation as a bar-keeper or clerk in a grocery store, he has been in the like capacity for the last two years and can give the best of recommendations. A small salary is required. Please address C. C. 497 Pearl street, or apply personally.

ALSO—A young man wishes a situation as a book-keeper or clerk in some respectable house; he has been in the like capacity for a number of years, the best references given, and a small salary required. Please address J. C. at 497 Pearl street, or apply personally.

AGENCY OFFICE.

American and Foreign Agency Office, No. 197 *Pearl-street*, near Chatham-street, New-York.

Merchants, Hotels, Public Houses, Private Families, Boarding-house Keepers and others, can always be supplied with the best of help, such as Clerks, Barkeepers, Housekeepers, Seamstresses, Chambermaids, Nurses, Waiters, and Cooks of every description.

People from the country can always find good employment in the different branches, and good wages, by giving satisfactory references.

Captains of vessels can always procure Mates, Stewards, Cooks and Cabin Boys. Steamboats supplied with Chambermaids, Waiters and Cooks, &c. by applying at the above mentioned Office.

He also attends to the Land Agency Business, such as buying, selling and letting Houses, Lots and Farms.

N. B. Notes, Bills and Accounts collected, and returns made punctually; good references given.

P. P. MOSES, Agent.

The Autumn Races.

FALL RACES,
Over the Union Course, Long Island.

The purses will be run for on the second, third, and fourth days of said month—heats of three, two, and four miles. The amount of each, with particulars, will be given in a future advertisement.

In addition to which the following stakes (three of which yet remain open) will be contended for:

Poststake, all ages, $1000 each, p. p. four mile heats; to come off Monday, October 1st, and to close on the 10th of September next—three entries or no race. Three year olds 90 lbs.; four years 104 lbs.; five years 114 lbs.; six years 121 lbs.; aged 126 126 lbs.: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, mile heats—colts

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

CHIT-CHAT.—One of the best conundrums I have heard for a long time, is attributed to that excellent and agreeable fellow, Yates, who is amongst those who do credit to the stage. Whether it is his own, or not, is a question to rest upon his veracity. It is this—"When does an alderman look like a ghost?" Answer. "When he's a *gobbling*." This is surely a *new desert*. By the way, Rogers begins to whistle now, not *in* fear or harmony, or for amusement, but I am afraid from the effects produced by an advanced age. I regret this—he is an excellent person, and he bore a most unintentional misquotation, made from his works and *in* my presence, by a man by the name of Barton, who wanted to compliment him, by recollecting his verses. The story that he quoted was Rogers' pretty song of

"Dear is my little native vale,
The ring dove builds and warbles there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To every passing villager."

Mr. Barton—who he was I never found out, having eulogized this little effusion with a superhuman ecstasy, repeated it right to a line—but not to a word. He gave it us, thus—

"Dear is my little native vale,
The ring dove builds and warbles there,
Close by my cot she SHOWS her TAIL
To every passing villager."

Not a muscle moved in Mr. Rogers' pale and placid countenance; you would hardly have thought he lived, but turning to Luttrell, whose mouth twisted and whose eye rolled at the fun of the mistake, he simply whispered, "Non *tali auxilio*, &c." Barton survived it, and is still alive and merry.

THE DEATH OF POPE ADRIAN.—The death of Pope Adrian caused such joy at Rome, that the night of his deceased they adorned the door of his chief physician with garlands, adding this inscription—"To the deliverer of his country.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal.*

A PLAIN ANSWER.—In the Jury Court at Edinburg, a few years ago, a gentleman was prosecuted for a trespass. The evidence on behalf of the plaintiff was conclusive, but the Judge, as a matter of course, inquired whether anything was to be urged in defence? Turning to a gentleman who sat within the bar, and who displayed a most lugubrious elongation of countenance, he said, "Pray, sir, are you *concerned* for the defendant?" "Yes, my Lord, I am most *deeply* concerned. He's my *brother*!"

ROOKS.—Rooks always appeared to me the clergymen among birds, grave, black-robed, sententious,—with an eye to a snug sylvan abode, and plenty of tithes.—*Leigh Hunt.*

GENEROSITY IN A CAT. In years past I had a fine tom-cat, which we named Buonaparte, and which we suffered to retain that splendid name, until his GOD-FATHER became an apostate and a tyrant. A poor aged stray cat, deserted by some unfeeling wretches, appeared on the tilings of an outhouse, and a more starved, distressed and miserable creature I never beheld; yet having been probably so much frightened and harrassed about, it would allow no one to approach it with relief. It attracted the attention of Buonaparte, who (he was surely entitled to the APPELLATION) approached it with compassion and kindness, not always shown to distress by monopolists of reason. At his meal-time he carried to his unfortunate fellow creature a share of his meat, in which he regularly persisted until it was observed, and the curious tidings brought to me. On the next occasion, I watched this pleasing trait of humanity in a brute, from my window, and several times afterwards. I saw Buonparte sitting upon his haunches, apparently with a consciousness of feeling and gratification, whilst his poor protege was feasting on his bounty! And this I saw with my own eyes, and it stands dated in my common-place book. The old animal, at length, judging of our benevolence by that of our cat, lost his fearful apprehension of us, and we took him in. But he was too far gone; and after keeping him comfortable a day or two, as the next and greatest benefit I could confer upon him, I expedited him to his best home, the feline Elysium, in such a way that he had no previous dread of the stroke which instantaneously destroyed all sensibility of pain. I have now before me, his portrait, a most correct likeness, by the celebrated James Ward, and now sitting by my side one of his great, great grand daughters.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.—The Emperor was accustomed to travel with the utmost rapidity. On a certain occasion his Majesty, fatigued by having remained a long time in his carriage, alighted and unaccompanied by any one of his suite, pursued his way on foot through a village that lay before him. The autocrat of all the Russians was attired in his usual travelling costume a military great coat without any particular mark of distinction. Desirous of obtaining some information respecting the road he was pursuing, he accosted a military looking personage, who stood smoking a cigar at the door of a house. To each of the Emperor's questions the stranger replied in the most uncourteous manner; and by way of terminating the ungracious parley—'Allow me to ask,' said Alexander, 'what may be your military rank?'—'Guess.'—'Perhaps, Sir, you may be a Lieutenant?'—'Higher if you please.'—'Captain?'—'Another step.'—'Major?'—'Go on.'—'Lieutenant Colonel, I presume?'—'You have hit it at last, but not without effort.'—These words were pronounced in a tone of arrogance; and the several answers in the preceding dialogue, were accompanied by a cloud of smoke puffed full in the Emperor's face. 'Now comes my turn, good Mr. Traveller,' said the Officer: 'Pray what may be your military rank?'—'Guess.'—'Well, then, at the first glance, I should say—'Captain?'—'Higher if you please.'—'Major?'—'Go on, if you please.' 'Lieutenant Colonel?'—Pray, good—'Colonel?'—'A little higher if you please.'—(The Officer upon this threw away the stump of his cigar.)—'Major-General?'—'Another step, if you please.'—(The Officer now stood unmoveable at 'attention.') Your excellence is then Lieutenant General.'—'You are not quite up to the mark.'—In that case I have the honor to address myself to his Serene Highness the Field-Marshal?'—Do me the favor, Lieutenant Colonel, to make another effort.' 'Ah sire' cried the Officer with emotion, 'will your Majesty deign to pardon me'; but could I imagine that the Emperor——'

—I am not offended; and to prove it, if you have a favor to ask I will grant it with pleasure.

THE RIGHT OF CHOICE.—My mistress used to ask me: Well Zekel, will you have pudding and milk, or roast beef, for your dinner? Roast beef, if you please ma'am, said I. I guess you can eat pudding and milk, she would say—and pudding and milk it was.

A little neglect may breed a great mischief, for want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.—*Franklin.*

MR. POULSON—MR. POULSON.—MR. POULSON—*Wheugh!* Never surely was mortal man in such a stew as I am. I am within an inch of absolute suffocation. Just let me blow a little, and I'll tell you all about it. Mercy, how hot I am! I shall never get over this thing—if I do the bare thought of it will make me nervous and sore as long as I live.

But to proceed—

My wife, who is a very careful person of her health, and of all other valuable things, myself being the most valuable, came home the other morning, her eyes beaming with joy, and approaching me, she tapped me lightly on the cheek, saying, with a smile, "no more fear John, no more fear,—I've got it—I've got."—Got what? I asked, "O, never mind, you shall know presently—but one thing I'll tell you; you are not going to die of Cholera."

This delighted me, for Mr. Poulson, let me tell you, I have been almost frightened to death by what I hear every day, and I am really now afraid if I "*get a little sick*" again, and its known, the Cholera Doctors will be about me in shoals, and take me off in spite of myself.—But to my story——lord, how hot I am——well, then, my wife came in presently, and opening a paper, said—"There, John, read that." I read 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, *cautionary* paragraphs—then I came to the 10th, which begins in these words—"*If you feel a little sick, &c.*"

After reading the article, I said, well, wife, there is a world of caution here—but I don't much like doing so much for being only just "*a little sick*." In the first place I am not to take a *particle* of medicine—but I am

2—To go home.
3—Take off my clothes.
4—Wrap in a blanket.
5—Soak my feet in water, *hot as I can bear it*.
6—Two or three table spoonsful of mustard must be put in the water.
6—A *little* boiling water is to be added.—This division of the duty is to last 15 or 20 minutes—Then I am
8—To put on woollen stockings.
9—Go to bed.
10—Spread a plaster of mustard over my *whole* stomach.
11—I am to keep it on until it *smarts very much*—Or
12—I may rub my stomach with a piece of flannel soaked in spirits of turpentine.
13—I am to put two table spoonsful of gum arabac in a pint of water.
14—Take a wine glass full (hot or cold) every hour.
15—Remain well covered in bed *at least* 24 *hours!* And then
16—If I do not get *a great deal better* in a *short time*—I am 17thly—To send as *quickly as possible* for a Doctor.

Now said I to my wife, this is to go through a great deal, for being just "a *little sick*;" and then again, how, said I, after I have been in bed under all these circumstances, am I to get a great deal better, "*in a short time*," and would it not be better, wife, said I, to send for a Doctor at once? No, no, said she, rely upon it, John, this is the best proscription I ever saw.—Well, well, wife, if you think so, I suppose it must be so.

Well, Mr. Poulson, as my stars would have it, I did feel "*a little sick*," the very next day.—According to the prescription, I was hardly in the house before my wife came in with two attendants, our servants Dick and Polly, and my clothes were off in short order—and I was rolled in a blanket before I could turn over. My feet were instantly in hot water, with mustard in it. Then I was almost parboiled for exactly twenty minutes—my wife thought the longest time named, the safest. Then went on a pair of Germantown woollen hose, and I was whipped into bed in no time. Then Dick went to work and smeared me all over with mustard. In a word, I went, under the direction of my wife, through the whole seventeen signs of this medical zodiac, and filled out by as good a chronometer as any in the city, the whole 24 hours—when, luckily, I threw up a hard boiled egg that I had eaten at breakfast, and assuring my wife that I was relieved, I was led out of this prison of medical discipline—but I am scalded up to my knees—my stomach has not a bit of skin on it—for since the hour I was born, I never felt any thing burn like the turpentine—I told Dick he was putting coals of fire on me; but he declared, as did my wife that it was only some turpentine.——

I am alive, Mr. Poulson—but the nearest being dead of any man who is alive—Phew!—How I feel. The perspiration is running down, and all over me, at this moment, as if I were under a hydrant—so wet am I—and then, too, I feel smothered—and sore—and have, besides, lost 24 hours—and being a laboring man, and Dick and Polly's time being valuable, and my wife's too, I have lost in time, which is money, at least ten dollars worth.——

I told my wife, just now, that I hoped as long as I lived, I should never "*feel a little sick again.*" O, said she, my dear, you ought to be thankful—for I've seen a Doctor, and he told me your's was a clear case of Cholera—and that *this saved you.* I do think it a most excellent thing." What, said I, for a hard boiled egg?

Now, Mr. Poulson, take my word for it, there was nothing the matter with me, but the hard boiled egg—the moment I threw it up, I was relieved. I truly felt a "little sick" at my stomach, which, however, was being "*a little sick,*" you know.

If I'm taken again, I'll consent to fight it out in the market house, or any where else, before I'll go home to my wife.—

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
AND
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No. 35 WALL STREET, New-York.

Sporting Stores.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No 395 Pearl street to No 52 Fulton street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black Bass, Weak Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. Nets London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking. J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD.
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S
WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY.
194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitable for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do.—do Tassels, do of all sizes; do. Laces different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, mask and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, bowings holsters, bullets, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

BOWLING ARTICLE.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters, percussion cap and fillers; shot and flints, powder and drinking flasks, and caps, bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets, shot and game bags, leather and mahogany gun cases, cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, dewels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valises and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, *(suitable for the meridian of Washington.)*

LEWIS.
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

☞ VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 114 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or silver—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Dinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets, and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store, and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABRM BROWER.
230 Water street.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS.
No. 3 Wall-st; cor. New-st, opposite the Church

☞ *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his 'Instructions to Sportsmen,' the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 249 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE.

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Amusements.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

THE numerous visitors to this Museum, during the four nights of the performance of Mr KENDALL the celebrated Harpist, having expressed themselves so highly delighted with his astonishing execution on his sweet toned instrument, has induced the proprietor to engage him the *first four nights of each week* until further notice.

Mr. K. is accompanied by his brother on a newly invented French Flageolet.

The Living ANACONDA, or BOA CONSTRICTOR, the great strangling Serpent of India, is in the health and perfectly docile; he is fed with a living rabbit every Monday evening, which he destroys in his folds and then swallows whole.

Living CAMELEON, whose power of changing his color is truly astonishing.

The COSMORAMA is not with several splendid Views, and forms a great attraction.

The EGYPTIAN MUMMY, or embalmed human being at least 3,000 years old, is one of the greatest curiosities in this extensive and valuable repository of nature and art.

Admittance as usual 25 cents—children half price.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Garden is open for the season. As it has been the wish of the proprietor to make the Garden a fashionable and agreeable place of resort for the respectable part of the community, he hopes that the decorations, embellishments, and general regulations will be such as to render it worthy their patronage.

The Green House Plants are in the most healthy state and the largest collection of any public or private garden in the city. The Beds and Borders are highly ornamented with annuals, perennials, exotics, herbaceous and aquatic plants.

The embellishments have been got up without regard to expense. The paintings, classical, ornamental and transparent, are by the best artists, viz: Messrs. Walker, Jones, Jackson, Grain, James and Son, Hannington, and others.

The South Garden is laid out and lighted in a superior style to that of any preceding season.—The Grand Walk and its magnificent illuminated Arches, so much admired last season, far exceed its former beauty; they are supported by twenty-four illuminated Lyres, entwined with wreaths of flowers of the most lively hues. The illusion is heightened by a correct perspective continuation of the extremity of the walk, which carries the bewildered eye through an illuminated Arcade, fitted up with Egyptian Vases, filled with flowers. Still further, resting on beauties, the distance only decreases to increase the effect of the magic scene.

The commencement of the walk is decorated with a superb Mirror, of more than 300 square feet, so artfully arranged as to repeat the grandeur of the walk, and cause pleasing reflections to the admiring spectator.

The many thousand variegated lamps, tastefully arranged, apparently turns night to day—splendid Chinese Lanterns peep from among the trees—Vases of Flowers, the brilliant colors of which mock reality—supporters for vari gated cut glass Gibbes, lighted with pure oil. Gas made on the premises.

The North Garden has been laid out entirely different, with considerable improvements. Orange and Lemon Trees, large Cape Jessamines, and Flowering Magnolias, form a complete grove, studded with pyramids of exotic and other plants. The whole is tastefully lighted up with Oil Gas, proceeding from twelve splendid pedestals, which have a most imposing appearance.

Suns, Globes, and Stars of variegated Lamps, also Chinese Lanterns, which shed a soft, beautiful, and chastened lustre over the meandering walks below them.

For the safer and more effective display of the FIREWORKS this season, (which from various improvements in colors, procured from extremely rare materials discovered and imported by Mr Feuchtwanger, Chemist, the Artist is confident will be superior to any hitherto exhibited.)

A Fortress has been erected, from the battlements of which the various pieces will be fired—Looking through the grand court of the Castle is seen a distant view of Mount Vesuvius, during the awful eruption of 1810.

In the north corner of this Garden is a splendid building, by Mr. Walker, late Artist at the Park Theatre. It represents a view of the ruins of a Gothic Chapel by moonlight, the distant view is Howth Light house, Dublin, in Ireland. In the south corner is another splendid Painting by the same artist—it is a view in Venice, embracing the Duc'l Palace and Terrace of Borregio, covering 3000 square feet of canvass.

The Grand Military Band which is full and effective will delight the company every evening with a musical entertainment, worthy the approbation they received last year from the thousands who heard them. When the evenings are at all cool, the Saloon can be enclosed and made comfortable to those who are afraid of the night air.

Mr. Joseph L. Hays and other officers will be in attendance to preserve good order, and keep out all improper persons.

☞ Tickets of admission 12 1-2 cents.

A limited number of Season Tickets will be disposed of. For terms, apply at the Garden.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN,
JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

The superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

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